

# The Saturday News

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## A Great Year Ahead Of Us.

The coming of spring finds Edmonton profoundly optimistic and with the best of reasons for being so. The movement into the country that lies beyond the city, on which its future so largely depends, is speedily attaining large proportions. The mining development that has been proceeding in the territory along the Grand Trunk Pacific to the West will lead to the establishment of a large industrial population in that direction within the coming year. Millions of dollars of capital are being devoted to the exploitation of these rich areas. A daily train service has already been established to Edmonton and in another twelve months the G. T. P. will have pierced the Rockies. In the meanwhile the C. N. R. is pushing ahead its main line with all possible rapidity.

The long cherished hope that has always been associated with the Peace River country is soon to be realized. The announcement was made this week by the veteran land guide, Mr. J. B. Taft, that the road from Edmonton to Grande Prairie, would be in sufficiently good condition to allow the first intush of settlers to proceed over it. The journey will take a week at first, later four days, and can be made with a very fair degree of comfort. Under these conditions nothing can hold back the eager pioneer. With the settlement that will take place during the summer, the supplying of railway communication must follow soon.

Nor does this rush to faraway fields mean that the vastly important work of settling up the vacant spaces nearer home will be neglected. Everything indicates that the present season will see the arrival of a very large number of farmers prepared to buy land. The organization of the various Boards of Trade of Central Alberta, should accomplish much in accelerating this development, as will the increased activity of the C. P. R. The interest of that corporation in this part of the province has ceased to be quiescent. It is actively exerting itself to turn immigration in this direction. One interesting phase of its activity is its establishment of the ready-made farms at Sedgewick, fifty of which will be ready for occupation this spring, according to the statement of Mr. J. S. Dennis when in Edmonton the other day.

The failure to provide a railway directly north has been a disappointment and the fear grows that Saskatchewan centres will yet be the first to get into touch by means of a railway with the Mackenzie waterway. Undoubtedly Battleford is counting strongly on having the C. N. R. branch northeast of that town continued to Fort McMurray. The people of Prince Albert are also revolving in their minds various schemes for railways in that direction. The increased interest of these communities in the northern territory cannot be disputed. One bit of evidence of it has just been furnished in the project now being pushed ahead to construct a telegraph line from Battleford 250 miles to the north.

That Edmonton will soon be able to present a much stronger front to its competitors through amalgamation with Strathcona becomes more certain every day. Sentiment grows stronger on the south bank all the time in favor of the move. At a meeting of the Board of Trade this week, the members were unanimously for union.

## Still After Mr. Bouillon.

Are we to allow the controversy that has arisen between the majority of the council and the public utilities commissioner to hold back the progress of the city during a year which promises such big things for it?

The outlook could not very well be brighter and it is necessary as never before that we should have intelligent and stable administration.

The injunction proceedings will not be argued until next week. But the councillors have not been able to restrain their anti-Bouillon zeal, even in the interval. They passed at their Tuesday night's meeting a resolution, calling for the opinion of an outside engineer before the purchase of new equipment was authorized. Mr. Bouillon naturally objects to such a move as not in keeping with the principle of leaving executive control with the commissioners. Certainly it is absurd to pay a man \$10,000 a year to manage these utilities and then pass him over when it comes to a detail of management. What was responsible more than anything else for the engagement of Mr. Bouillon was the realization of the fact that there had been an enormous waste of money in connection with the buying of machinery. No system had been followed and as Mr. Francis put it very epigrammatically, we had established a very excellent museum to illustrate the results of the activity of the manufacturers' agent.

There is no question that we have the greatest need

of an official who is worth what we are paying Mr. Bouillon and, having secured such a man, it would be folly not to trust him to work out a general scheme for the administration of our utilities.

The idea that was adopted, when Mr. Bouillon was brought to Edmonton, was the absolutely correct one. Whether he is fully qualified for the large responsibilities which we have placed upon him is another matter and The Saturday News from the first has never been wholly convinced on this point. But it holds that the present is no time for a change. He has not had sufficient opportunity to show what he can do and, with the season's work just about to open up, nothing is to be gained by turning everything upside down. If the council goes ahead with its scalp-hunting campaign, as its action of the past week shows that it intends to, it will seriously endanger the city's welfare. Mr. Bouillon should be left at his post till the autumn at least and then, with the fuller light which can be thrown on his methods by the results of a complete season's operations, it can be determined whether he should be retained for a further period or not.

## Sir Wilfrid's Undeserved Good Fortune.

It is quite safe to say that the present reciprocity agitation has had the effect of making the return of the Conservatives to power at the next general election an impossibility. Yet till it arose everything was tending to the defeat of the administration.

Practically its whole assees was Sir Wilfrid's personal prestige. The calibre of the men with whom he was surrounded has constantly deteriorated. This has been particularly the case in the West which after the census next June will elect a considerably larger number of members. The forces of Liberalism were becoming badly disintegrated. Internal dissensions made effective fighting out of the question in several of the provinces. Even in Quebec where the government found its majority, Drummond and Antihabaska showed what powerful elements of danger to the party's supremacy had arisen.

But the folly of the Opposition's course on the reciprocity issue has changed the face of things. It has had the effect of lining up behind the administration those old-time Liberals whose steady defection in the years that have passed since 1896 has been the chief source of peril. It has enabled the government to pose as a friend of low tariff principles, while at the same time it has not been required to deprive the protectionists among its supporters of the fiscal privileges which they have enjoyed under the Liberal regime.

If an election were to be held immediately and, in view of what is being said about the government's having no mandate to enter into the negotiations, it would not be at all surprising if an appeal to the people were decided upon. The Saturday News is firmly convinced that Sir Wilfrid could at least double his majority. All that would be necessary for the Liberal speakers to do would be to recite Prof. Leacock's articles on the crime of allowing the Canadian producer to get a good price for his commodities in the American market and some of the newspaper editorials and parliamentary speeches along the same line in order to sweep constituency after constituency.

The whole cry against the arrangement is a hollow one. We are told that it interferes with the British preference. But the articles that are included are none of them what we import from the Old Land. If it stimulates trade north and south and interferes with that east and west, why not suggest the most obvious remedy, the increase of the Preference, say to fifty per cent. If the Conservatives stepped in ahead of the government with that policy, it would not only be consistent with the pro-British cry which they are raising but would do a great deal to offset the effect of what the government has done for trade on this continent. But there is no sign that they will make any such move. It is that which is strictly in keeping with the party's traditions, but it is quite clear that the elements in control would be quite as much, if not more so, opposed to this as they are to the reciprocity pact.

The loyalty cry is quite insincere. What is feared is not the weakening of the bonds with the Mother Country but that, once trade freedom in natural products is secured, the demand for the reduction of the duties on manufactured goods will become so great as to make it impossible to resist it. They wish these duties kept up as against British manufacturers quite as much as they do against those of the United States.

We may be doing the men who are leading the Conservative party an injustice and would be most agreeably surprised if they should still make the move that we

have suggested. It would rehabilitate them to a large extent and make their attitude a much more reasonable one. But the reception in the House of Commons this week of Mr. German's plea for Imperial free trade, even though in making it he adopted the same position as their own in respect to the negotiations with the United States, does not give any hope that they will adopt this line of policy.

## Does Loyalty Depend on Trade?

That such a measure of reciprocity as is now proposed will impair our loyalty to the Empire and that to defeat the government's proposals, is the only way "to save Canada," is an argument to which no man of intelligence should pay attention. If our Imperial patriotism has not a better basis than this contention would infer, we might as well sever the bond with the Mother Land immediately.

A letter from Mr. J. H. Shepherd, a resident of the border city of Windsor, published in a Toronto paper the other day, is well worth quoting from in connection with the discussion on this point.

"If close trade, social and business relations between Canada and the United States," wrote Mr. Shepherd, "would tend to foster annexation sentiment, you would naturally look to Windsor for evidence to prove that proposition."

"At a low estimate 3,000 people, living in Windsor and vicinity, find employment in Detroit, while an equal number living in Detroit find employment in Windsor, Walkerville and Sandwich."

"Over 3,000 Detroit papers are sold on this side of the river every day, with perhaps a column devoted to Canadian news."

"Free trade is carried on between the two cities to a large extent. Trade returns and customs entries do not show it, but it exists just the same."

"The farmers here find it profitable to pay the present duty and place their products on the Detroit market. If the duty is taken off would they be less loyal?"

"Over 4,000,000 people cross the Detroit river at this point every year—about half the population of the Dominion."

"Attracted by the beauty of our city and the superiority of our institutions, hundreds of Americans own homes in Windsor and Walkerville, take part in our civic affairs and vote at our elections (if we do not challenge them). Their children attend our schools, growing up good, loyal subjects—their influence for annexation proving nil."

"Under such conditions you may well ask what about annexation sentiment—Nothing doing?"

"I know men who have large business interests in Detroit and have crossed the river every day for the last 20 years, that are just as loyal as Sir Edmund Walker, Col. Sam Hughes, or even Col. Densmore. There is not a particle of annexation sentiment in Windsor or the county of Essex."

"Windsor sent seventeen young men to the African War, four of whom fearlessly laid down their lives for their country; the largest contingent sent from any town of like population in the Dominion of Canada."

"The 21st Fusiliers is one of the crack regiments of the Dominion, and was chosen to represent Canada at the St. Louis Exposition, and Canada has every reason to be proud of the Windsor and Essex boys."

"There are thousands of Canadians living in Detroit, some for 10, 20 or 30 years, who would drop everything and come to the defence of Canada if she was in danger. No one has called the loyalty of the people of Windsor into question. I do not claim that she is more loyal than Toronto, but I do claim that the feeling of loyalty of Canadians to their country is deeper and has a firmer grip on the minds and hearts of the people than the Hon. Mr. Foster or Sir Edmund Walker give them credit for."

This is fairly direct testimony from present conditions. It remained for that stalwart exponent of Conservative policy, the Ottawa Citizen, which has refused to be driven into the untenable position that so many of its party colleagues have fallen back upon, to cite the evidence of history. The Citizen says:

"We all know that a formidable annexation movement displayed itself in Montreal in 1849. It was brought about by the dislocation of Canadian commerce resulting from England's abandonment of the old Imperial preferential policy and her adoption of Free Trade."

"How serious the situation was appears from Walbridge's Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin, the Governor-General. 'How long,' his Lordship asks, 'can such a state of things be expected to endure?' and he answers the question thus: 'I am confident I could carry Canada unscathed through all these evils of transition, and place

the connection on a surer foundation than ever, if I could only tell the people of the Province that, as regards the conditions of material prosperity, they would be raised to a level with their neighbors. But if this be not achieved, if free navigation and reciprocal trade with the Union be not secured for us, the worst I fear, will come, and that at no distant day.' His private letters to the Lord Grey of the period who was at the Colonial Office contain many observations to the same effect; indeed, from first to last throughout that critical time Lord Elgin's recipe for dissipating the annexation movement was this (p. 61): 'As regards these colonies you must allow them to turn to the best possible account their contiguity to the States, that they may not have cause for dissatisfaction when they contrast their own condition with that of their neighbors.' Or as he says in another place (p. 102): 'You have a great opportunity before you. Obtain reciprocity for us, and I venture to predict that you will be able shortly to point to this hitherto turbulent colony with satisfaction, in illustration of the tendency of self-government and freedom of trade to betget contentment and material progress.'

"Instead then of precipitating annexation the reciprocity of 1854 warded it off, as Lord Elgin had foreseen. It was for this reason probably that Sir John Macdonald, a staunch Imperialist if ever there was one, was always anxious to see the treaty revived or the free interchange in some form of natural products re-established."

"It will not do to say that we have outgrown the need of such a measure. Our exports of natural products to the United States are only second in volume to our exports to Britain; and as Sir John used to put it, 'if we have two free markets instead of one to sell to, it stands to reason we shall be just that much better off.' And, with all respect to those who think otherwise, it seems to the Citizen to follow as an irresistible conclusion that our increased prosperity will bring about a stauncher and more generous loyalty to Canada, and to Great Britain, especially among those new races and peoples from various parts of the earth who are flocking by tens and hundreds of thousands into the Canadian West."

To The Saturday News this appears unanswerable. Two other staunch Conservative papers may also be cited. The Victoria Colonist, published in the most English city in Canada, has this to say:

"What is the abstraction to which we appeal when as Canadians we exhort each other to be ready to stand by the Mother-Country in time of need?"

"It is not alone the fact that we can send our goods into Britain without paying duty. It is not alone the fact that the ancestors of most of us were born under the Union Jack, for we all know of millions of people who themselves or whose ancestors were born under that same flag, who find no difficulty in giving their devoted loyalty to a foreign land. We are loyal to the Empire because we are of the Empire, and our loyalty is not of so poor a kind that it can be weakened by alterations in the customs schedule of our own or of any other country. We do not hesitate to say that if the United Kingdom should feel it to be in the interests of the British people at home to impose a duty on all imports, not even excluding those from Canada, the loyalty of Canadians to the imperial tie would not be weakened one iota. The very essence of the imperial bond is freedom within the Empire."

From the Kingston Standard comes the following:

"This one thing is very clear, that annexation sentiment is deeper in Canada than ever it has been—so deep that it is buried beyond all possibility of resurrection. And yet while this is so, trade between the United States and Canada has been steadily expanding, proving that mere business—which is a thing of the pocket—has nothing to do with loyalty, which is a thing of the heart."

Newspapers of the character of these take such ground not for any love of the Liberal government.

## Mr. Roosevelt's Return.

The event of the week across the border, next to the failure of Mr. Taft to secure the passage of his reciprocity measure prior to the expiration of the old Congress, was the reappearance of Theodore Roosevelt. He spoke at Chicago and was given a rousing reception. The ideas with which he has become so strongly identified he restated with a vigor which indicated that he has no intention of being reduced to the status of a political nonentity. Those who regarded him as a "has been" after the defeat of his candidature in New York State last November were shallow students of American politics. But ever since that event his silence has been most oppressive.

## AT DEATH'S DOOR FROM KIDNEY DISEASE

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"Two years ago, the doctor made forty-four calls on me, and then said he had done all he could for me. I was suffering with intense Kidney Trouble and inflammation had set in. Two other doctors were consulted and agreed that nothing could be done to help me. On the recommendation of a neighbor, I took 'Fruit-a-tives' and they cured me. Today, I take 'Fruit-a-tives' as my only medicine. I am in excellent health, and 'Fruit-a-tives' is the medicine that cured me after I had been at Death's Door for months."

I am glad to be able to give you this testimonial. It may benefit some other woman suffering as I suffered, as I believe that I would not be alive today had I not used "Fruit-a-tives."

Mrs. P. E. WEBBER.  
"Fruit-a-tives"—by its marvellous action on the kidneys—completely restores these vital organs to their normal strength and vigor—and cures every trace of Kidney Trouble. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit.  
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'Song'

My dear, who dreams of growing old  
When Earth seems growing new?  
What things have death could touch  
With child  
The heart that's nearest you?

A man's not old who plucks a bloom  
And hails to hear a song:  
Time brings regret, but never gloom  
To him whose love is strong.

And so, when snowdrops shine, my dear,  
And blackbirds bravely sing,  
My heart that sighed to lose a year  
Grows glad to gain a Spring.

(J. J. Bell, in Clyde Songs and Other Verses.)

#### The Question of the Hour As Seen By Woman And Perhaps More And Perhaps More

No, it doesn't in the very least concern the municipal situation, or how one shall keep Lent, who are engaged, or any such trifles as these. It concerns babies, and keeping house. Whether it were better to loan one's infants out, and go apartmenting, or to sit tight and take hold oneself, or what to do at all, at all, there's the question.

A crèche for the children of the prosperous, or semi-prosperous, sounds like a solution of the difficulty, but really isn't. I am persuaded there is nothing for it but to demonstrate to the Head of the House yet once again that the kind of pies and cakes that Mother used to make she can make again, now that the necessity has arisen.

Speaking of making pies, and padding in dish-water, reminds me that I never feel like putting on half as much side as I do when I get on a big apron and set to, to do the house-work. Then I enjoy the luxury and satisfaction of knowing that what I have set my hand to do, I am doing well. Nearly as well as anyone could do. Writing is an altogether different matter. There one is a neophyte, with the prospect ahead of probably never becoming better.

If one were not so much tied down with social and other obligations, I honestly think we would, most of us who are able, be the better and happier if doing our own house-work.

The preparation of the daily meals, the making sweeter and more inviting of that place of place, home, is exciting enough, and satisfying enough, a career for any woman.

I am not losing hope, or courage, or ambition, but I am finding out, as I suppose we all do in life, sooner or later, that the things one was "going to do"—well dear Mirrorites—one is still hoping or "going to do" them. The things that have to be done, keep shunting them on ahead.

Mrs. Ferris was telling me, on her return from abroad, something of the life around the studios and music schools in Paris; of the thousands of ambitious students from all over the world who congregate there, each, hoping and many confident, that in his and her soul, is the spark of the attribute we call, genius, that is going to set them apart from their fellows, and carve out a great and glorious future for them.  
Dreams, dreams, of the Land of Going to Be—how few, how few, ever arrive in that faraway country! And yet for all that, for all the lusting of the bubbles, for all the tragedy that lies behind the lives of these hopeful ones, the best life.

If the bubbles do burst one sad and truthful day, does not sweet illusion a sort of heaven in wonderful and exquisite colors in the meantime. To every dream must come an awakening, but without hope we might as well give up the struggle beforehand. Who knows, what did the Theosophist who but lately lectured in Edmonton have to say about it, but that the next world is the place where dreams do come true. If they don't, somewhere out in space are wandering around millions of unsatisfied

affecting with such a top-sided jacket affair as the fashion pages assure us is "de rigueur," for dress-up occasions. By these signs we should know them, even if they failed to wear a tag.

#### Dead Dreams.

(By Margaret Erskine)

Dead dreams! Why no dreams die? They only tired grow.  
So tired of a fainting hope.  
And so  
They fold their glittering rainbow wings  
And close their dazzling eyes  
And go to sleep in Future Land—  
That land beyond the skies.  
And some day they'll return again—  
Return to you—and I.  
God gave forever dreams to man! Dead dreams! Dreams cannot die.

In the Canadian Officers Mrs. Arthur Murphy draws the following pen portrait of Premier Sifton. It reads like the description of an Indian Prince arriving on a visit to the Court of St. James.

What a dash our dear Premier will cut with his vanished boots, his scintillating opals, his large cigars, his flashing diamonds, his fine novels protruding from his pockets, his jewelled sleeve-links! Maybe it's not

and opals, which he wears in his tie on his hands, or in his sleeve-links. He smokes large cigars, drinks not at all, and is said to be an avid reader of dime novels."

So excited are the dandies in the Old Land becoming over their returning vanished finery, that one of them has broken into song at the prospect. He calls it, "The Lost Kingdom," with this explanatory note appended:

A Derbyshire manufacturer is making men's fancy waistcoats trimmed with lace.

In days of old when knights were bold  
Man's clothes were likewise brave.  
The tailor's charge was doubtless large

But did we pinch and save?  
Oh, no! We gaily paid the bill  
And strove to look more splendid still.

The powdered wig and Georgian rig  
Combined he gay and chaste,  
But now we deem a simpler scheme  
A mark of better taste.

While women's clothing, year by year,  
Grows more extravagantly dear.  
And, with the show of long ago,  
Authority decays.

A subtle scorn of man is born  
Because he meekly pays.  
For, since since he shed his lordly coat,  
Woman, with threats, demands the vote!

Then here's to one that hath begun  
To trim our garb with lace,  
That we at last, as in the past,  
May fill our proper place.

Nor are we, ladies, feeling lost  
To know where we may save the cost!

Idly glancing through the magazines last night I came across two articles that made a profound impression on me. One was written by Mark Twain on the day of his daughter Jean's death; "Written to keep his heart from breaking," as he himself says. The other is from the pen of Lady John Russell, wife of that great Minister of State, and is written to her daughter, "Lotty," on the eve of her departure from home.

Both touch on the heart-breaking every-day aspect that a great bereavement has suddenly lifted into primal importance. Lady Russell writes, "Just a word with you, my own Lotty, before leaving home. Oh, the blessing of still being able to call it home, darkened for ever as it is, for the multiplying memories with which it is thronged make it dearer as well as sadder every day of my life! Lotty, shall I ever believe that he has left me, quite left me, never to return? Will the fearful silence ever cease to startle me? Whenever I came in from a walk or a drive I used to know almost before I opened the door, by the sound of his voice, or of something, whether all was well with him, and now there is only that deadly silence. And, yet I often feel if I had but courage surely he must be waiting for me and wanting me. But how foolish to talk of any one form of this unutterable blank, which meets me at every turn, intertwined with everything I say or do, and taking a new shape every moment, and the yearning and the aching which have been my portion for four years—the yearning for my other lost loved ones, for my dear, dear boys, seems more terrible than ever now that this too has come upon me... I pass my husband's sitting-room window—there are the roses he loved so well, hanging over them in all their summer beauty, but he does not call me to give him one. I come in, and there on the walls of my room are pictures of the three, but not one of them answers me—silence, nothing but deadly silence! I know all is well, and I feel in my inmost heart that this last sorrow is a blessed one, saving us from far worse, and taking him to his rest, and I never for a moment forget what treasures beyond price are left to my old age still."

"Jean is dead!"  
Has anyone ever tried to put upon paper all the little happenings connected with a dear one—happenings of the twenty-four hours preceding the sudden and unexpected death of that dear one? Would a book contain them? Would two books contain them? I think not. They pour in to the mind in a flood. They are little things that have been always happening every day, and were always so unimportant and easily forgettable before—but now! Now how difficult and how precious they are, how dear, how unforgettable, how pathetic, how sacred, how clothed with dignity! Last night Jean, all flushed with

splendid health, and I the same, from the wholesome effects of my Bermuda holiday, strolled hand in hand from the dinner table and sat down in the library and chatted, and planned, and discussed, cheerily and happily (and how unexpectantly!) until nine—which is late for us—then went upstairs. Jean's friendly German dog following. At my door Jean said, "I can't kiss you good night, father: I have a cold, and you could catch it." I bent and kissed her hand. She was moved—I saw it in her eyes—and she impulsively kissed my hand in response. Then with the usual gay "Sleep well, dear!" from both, we parted.

At half past seven this morning I woke, and heard voices outside my door. I said to myself, "Jean is starting on her usual horseback flight to the station for the mat." Then Katy entered, stood quaking and gasping at my bedside a moment, then found her tongue:

"Miss Jean is dead!"

Possibly I know now what the soldier feels when a bullet crashes through his heart.

"Jean lies yonder, I sit here; we are strangers under our own roof; we kissed hands good-by at this door last night—and it was, forever, never suspecting it. She lies there, and I sit here—writing, busying myself, to keep my heart from breaking. How dazzlingly the sunshine is flooding the hills around! It is like a mockery.

"Why did I build this house, two years ago? To shelter this vast emptiness? How foolish I was! But I shall stay in it. The spirits of the dead hallow a house, for me. It was not so with other members of the family. Sony died in the house we built in Harford, Mrs. Clemens would never enter it again. But it made the house dearer to me. I have entered it once since when it was tenacious and silent and forlorn, but to me it was a holy place and beautiful. It seemed to me that the spirits of the dead were all about me, and would speak to me and welcome me if they could: Lotty, and Susy, and George, and Henry Robinson, and Charles Dudley Warner. How good and kind they were, and how lovable their lives! In fancy I could see them all again, I could call the children back and hear them romp again with George—that peerless black ex-slave and children's idol who came one day—a fitting stranger—to wash windows, and stayed eighteen years. Until he died. Clara and Jean would never leave their mother the New York hotel which their mother had frequented in earlier days. They could not bear it. But I shall stay in this house. It is dearer to me to-night than ever it was before. Jean's spirit will make it more beautiful for me always!"

Peggy

### GREAT TRIALS ON TRANSCONTINENTAL

ALPHONSE JONELLE TELLS TALE LATER WITH HUMAN INTEREST

Hardships attending work brought on a Kidney Disease which threatened his life—Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

Chicoutimi Ville, Chicoutimi Co. Que., Mar. 6 (Special)—The trials of those men who push the great railroads through the obstacles Nature thrusts in their way have been proclaimed in many a page of fiction. But no story ever told is of more absorbing interest or teaches a greater moral than the actual experiences of Alphonse Jonelle, foreman on the Transcontinental, and well known here.

"I contracted Kidney Disease working on the Transcontinental, where I am a foreman," Mr. Jonelle states. "My skin had a harsh, dry feeling, and it itched and burned at night. I was always tired. Then came the pangs of rheumatism, and I finally got so bad I could not attend to my work. For five years I suffered, and in the end Bright's Disease developed.

"Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes cured me completely. Dodd's Kidney Pills also cured my wife, who was suffering from Kidney Disease."

From all parts of Canada, and every day, reports come of Kidney Disease cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is never a case reported where Dodd's Kidney Pills have failed. They never fail.



A Poiret effect in velvet and fur.

or that, whether it be convenient or no, just on account of their say-so?

Can anyone answer me—why not thusly? The Meter Man might be a murderer in disguise. The Telephone Man a kidnapper, the Waterworks Inspector, a burglar. Why, there is no end to the awful possibilities involved.

In the meantime any of them are sufficiently annoying, muddying up polished floors and stair cases, dashing into bath-rooms unannounced, and doing a great many other uncalled for things that are annoying to householders and are extremely arbitrary into the bargain.

Might I suggest a Harem Skirt, with one of the new transparent blouses for the Waterworks Man's costume. One of the Punch and Judy helmets for the Telephone Gentleman, and for the Reader of our Meters—well how would scarlet stockings do, one of the latest lace waistcoats the London dandies are

credit he'll be doing us at the Coronation, and him only the representative of the Furthest and Woolliest province West. Perhaps he'd like to add a lace waist to the spats, etc., they are wearing them in London as the following item attests—

A lace manufacturer at New Sawley, near Derby, is making lace-trimmed waist-coats for men. He is using light dress net over tinted cloth backgrounds. A black net over a dark purple cloth, for morning wear, and a white net over pale green cloth, for evening wear, are two of the combinations. The effect is said to be both rich and artistic."

But I had almost neglected the original pen portrait. Here it is:

"In person, Arthur Lewis Sifton is dapper, for he pays marked attention to his dress. His boots are varnished and buttoned at the sides; his spats immaculate. His clothes are never out of crease, and he likes precious stones, principally diamonds



In Sir John Hare's famous play "A Pair of Spectacles," there is a character, whose home is in Sheffield. He goes up to London to visit his brother. The latter describes this and that person with whom he has dealings and the visitor's response in each case is, "Oh, I know him. He comes from Sheffield!" His meaning is, of course, that in his own town he has seen all the types described.

The Toronto Star recently published a sketch of a prominent resident of that city. As I read it, I could not help ejaculating: "Oh! I know him. He comes from Edmonton!" Here is part of the description:

"He has probably introduced more people to other people whom they were not particularly anxious to know than any other man in Toronto. In a crowd of strangers he immediately assumes the position of master of ceremonies."

"Mr. Jones," he says, "this is my friend Mr. Spatter, the Mayor of Timbuctoo. Mr. Spatter, Mr. Jones is one of our most famous men."

"He always casts over the persons introduced the mantle of the magic phrase, 'my friend.'"

"When the Duke of Connaught comes to Canada no one who knows Church will be much surprised if the following monologue takes place:

"Duke, this is my friend, Mr. Bill Smith, one of our leading citizens. He runs a derrick. Bill, my friend the Duke, who is going to make good on his new job. Aren't you, Duke? Anyway, Bill and I are behind you."

Who hasn't met him, either here or elsewhere? How he has heard every one of us with his attentions! He's all very well being sociable, but one likes to pick and choose, the people he is to converse with to a certain extent. Sometimes it is yourself that is forced into trying to be pleasant against your will. At other times it is somebody else who, you know, doesn't give a hoot whether you ever crossed his pathway or not. When a man of note is rushing through the country, delivering a lecture or giving so many musical numbers, at so much per night, our friend must of necessity rush up when it is all over and introduce himself. Then he insists on dragging the visitor down into the ranks of the departing audience and having him shake hands with as many as he can round up. Nerve, pure and unadulterated, and energy, restless and never-failing, are his outstanding qualities. At first he may interest you but before long you get into the habit of dodging around corners to get out of his way.

The other day the new lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia was about to open the Legislature, in all the glory of his Windsor uniform, when his aide carelessly let his sword dangle between His Honor's legs. The Governor stumbled and in trying to right himself ripped his tight-fitting trousers from knee to thigh. An adjournment had to be made amid confusion. A retirement it is expected will be announced in the next militia orders.

A Toronto paper says that the Minister of the Interior is commonly referred to Out West as "Pa" Oliver. Since when and why?

Since these proceedings were started to save Mr. Bonillon's scalp, Edmontonians have acquired the habit of using legal phraseology.

"Alice," said a stern parent the other day, "wasn't that young Mr. Brown who has just gone out?"

"Yes, father, but he appealed to a higher court, and mamma reversed your decision."

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Thim chug wagons must cost a heap av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An' he the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be that tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."

"Are you loyal?" is the question said to have been peremptorily asked by a man settled at a table in an eastern restaurant of another who was about to sit down beside him. "Tell me if you are a loyal man, because I'll not sit at table with a man in this crisis in Canada's history unless he assures me that he's a loyal man."

"Well," said the other, "I ate some preserved Delaware grapes last night." "Then," was the reply, "you may go sit at another table."

Reading of the Ontario papers makes one conclude that in this part of the country we are not having half

er, "is something that has been handed down from father to son. Can you mention some familiar tradition?"

"Yes'm," answered little Tommy Goodman, "my clothes are traditions."

"That's too threadbare, Tommy; you will remain half an hour after school is dismissed."

#### THE DOCTOR'S FEE IN JAPAN

A Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity in Japan: "When the twin enemies poverty and disease invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, even if it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," remarked a recent lecturer on "Life in Japan," "a doctor will not only give his time and medicine free to the sufferer, but he will also



#### THE BLIND SIDE

German Officer: "Glad to hear you're going to fortify your sea-front. Very dangerous people these English."

Dutchman: "But it will cost much."

German Officer: "Ah, but see what you save on the Eastern frontier, where there's nobody but us!"

Note.—This is an allusion to the Kaiser's recent proposal that the Dutch fortify Flushing, which would have closed the Scheldt. England has opposed such measures for two hundred years and fought Bonaparte on the issue.

the fun out of this reciprocity affair that we should have.

A farmer from Garafaxa, a Toronto paper says, had just arrived at the Union Station by train, and as he was moving with the crowd towards the exit he met a farmer from Proton, who was leaving for home after three days in the city. They knew each other and shook hands.

"How are you?" asked the new arrival.

"All right," replied the other, hoarse as a crow.

"You've got a bad cold."

"Cold nothing," croaked the man from Proton. "You'll get what I've got. See if you don't." He rested a moment, and drawing his friend's head down so that he could case the strain on his vocal cords, he resumed:

"It ain't a cold—lost my voice—wore it out—argy'n' reciprocity 'gainst everybody—whole darn city—keep comin' at me—keep talkin' back at 'em until couldn't whisper—had to just lissen."

"You couldn't stand it?"

The Proton man shook his head in disgust. Then he signified that he wanted to say something more, and the other bent an ear.

"But, by gosh," he whispered, hoarse still, "when get voice—coming back—tell 'em few things. Dange 'em."

And he hurried over to catch the Owen Sound train which pulls out at 4.50.

"Life" relates this conversation between a mistress and her maid: Mrs. Cobb: "Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again when you telephoned your order this morning?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cobb, he was that; but I fixed him this time. I sez, 'Who the hell do you think you're talkin' to?' This is Mrs. Cobb."

Mars, on being introduced to Bellona, became very sentimental. "You look nice enough to eat," he simpered.

She regarded him severely. "You mistake the name, Sir! Bellona not Bologna!" quoth she, with crushing freedom.

Whereupon such of the gods as were within earshot gave way to Homeric laughter.—Puck.

"A tradition," explained the tea-giver him money to tide over his dire necessities. Every physician is a dispenser, and there are very few apothecaries' shops in the empire.

"When even a rich man calls in a doctor he does not expect that he will receive a bill for medical services; in fact no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all modern practices are in vogue there. The strict honesty of the people does not make it necessary for the doctor to ask a fee. When he has finished his visits to the patient a

COAL MINE 700 YEARS OLD

(From the London 'Daily Mail'.)

Tranent Colliery, Haddingtonshire, from which coal has been taken for

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present is made to him, just as much as the patient can afford. The doctor smiles, bows, thanks his patient, and the transaction is settled.—"Tit-Bits."

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.—Coleridge.

Ill thoughts are little thieves.—Sibbes.

It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection. —Shakespeare.

From the London Chronicle.

In Roumania once every year a fair of marriageable girls is held. The girl, with her relations, gets into a waggon, which also contains her dowry—linen, furniture and household matters—and all set off for the fair.

When they arrive the girls are drawn up in one line and the men in another, with their parents behind them. Then if a young man likes the look of any particular girl, he steps out of the line, goes up to her, and enters into talk with her, while his parents and her parents compare notes as to their possessions and their circumstances in life.

If all is found satisfactory the couple are married then and there, and the bride is driven away by her husband to her new home.

The custom in Russia is very much the same. On Whitsunday afternoon the girl, dressed in her best clothes, is taken by her parents to the Winter Gardens in the nearest large town, where she meets a number of young men walking up and down on the lookout for wives.

The girl carries in her hand a silver spoon, a piece of embroidery, or some other valuable household possession to show that she is a person of property, and the young man brings with him as many roubles as he has been able to save.

If the parents see that a young man is attracted by a girl, she is promptly handed over to a woman who is a sort of marriage agent, and whose business it is to introduce the couple and make arrangements about the dowry.

## Marriage Market in Roumania

A land where social conventions differ vastly from our own.

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AN OLD MAN'S GAME.

(From Tit-Bits).

On one occasion an old lady was in the same railway compartment as a party of golfers.

"I found fearful trouble this morning," said one, "At the first I fell right into the middle of a prickly gorse bush, and at the second I was stuck up in the top of a tree. I pitched out of bounds into the farmyard at the third, got caught by the wire at the fourth. Stuck fast in a deep hole at the fifth, found myself buried in mud at the sixth. I was lying in a heap of rough flints at the seventh, got lots at the eighth, and finished up at the bottom of that dirty ditch at the last hole."

"Gracious me!" cried the horrified old lady from her corner of the carriage; "and they told me that golf was an old man's game! I'll never let my Edwin play again!"

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as to the value of that GREAT RESTORATIVE WINE

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(a la Quina du Paru)

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will do you.

The supreme merit of Wilson's Invalids' Port is in the good it

will do you.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR



"I SEE"

said the lady as she opened the package and found it to be—

A BOX OF LOVELY FLOWERS

"Did you send them?"

"Then perhaps the other fellow did"

Why not have us send some of our lovely spring flowers

LILY of the VALLEY or DAFFODILS

They are sure to please her.

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## THE INVESTOR

From an investor's point of view, the most interesting feature of the present situation is undoubtedly the evidence that we stand upon the verge of the greatest immigration season in our history. It has been definitely determined that the road to Grande Prairie from Edson will be ready for travel by the end of the month and many whose eyes have been turned in that direction will be sure to take advantage of it. Those to whom settlement a week's journey away from the railway, even though the coming of the later at an early date is assured, appears as too extreme a form of pioneering, find much to interest them in the great stretches of unoccupied land close to old-established centres. Farmers prepared to buy land, art being heard from in large numbers.

The most significant real estate transaction for some time past was the purchase of 100 feet on First street from Calhoun & Ferguson, immediately south of the King Edward Hotel, for \$1,000 a foot.

The steady increase in Jasper avenue property is shown by the sale of the Degendorfer Block between Second and Third streets to the P. Burns Co., for \$1,375 per foot.

The sale of 320 acres, the south half of section three, west of the city, for \$175 per acre, is reported.

The Cushing property on Namayo avenue, comprising eight lots, has been sold, the price stated being in the neighborhood of \$60,000.

F. C. Lowes and Co. are opening a London office and Mr. Robert Farquharson has been appointed secretary of the branch. Mr. Farquharson has been a resident of Edmonton for some years and has made many friends for himself both in a business and a personal way. Before en-

tering the employ of the Lowes firm, he was the efficient assistant secretary of the Board of Trade. With his intimate knowledge of conditions here he should be able to do excellent work in London. Mr. Buxton, formerly inspector for the Nonhtra-Crown Bank, will be in charge of the London office.

The Molson's Bank has bought the property on Eighth Avenue, Calgary, where the Starland Theatre is at present located. The former owners were C. H. Davidson of Minneapolis and Mr. Thorgmorton of Kansas City. The price is not made public.

A \$25,000 to \$30,000 addition will be made to the Senate Hotel on Fraser avenue this summer.

Thomas Ward, who comes from New Jersey, has week purchased 150 acres west of Leduc and about 20 miles from Edmonton, on which he purposes to conduct market garden operations on a large scale.

The Imperial Bank of Canada has opened a branch at Redcliff, Alberta, under the management of Mr. A. E. Farmer, late accountant at Strathcona.

On April 1st next the Provincial Association of Builders and Contractors will meet at Calgary. On the following Monday the Annual Banquet of the Edmonton Builders' Exchange will be held in Edmonton at which the local exchange is assured of the presence of some 35 to 40 guests from the Exchanges of Calgary, Medicine Hat, and other points.

The Brandon Times issues this warning which has application to all western cities, though it must be said that Edmonton has suffered less from the evil described than most of the others:

The boom in Brandon real estate, indicated by recent sales and the acquisition of options on local acreage,

is a condition of affairs that cannot fail to bring a large amount of speculation to the community who have the interests of the city at heart.

The sign of the city's prosperity is not, however, altogether untinged with danger, and it behooves the city authorities to adopt very firm measures in order to ensure that the maximum of good and the minimum of evil may accrue to the city as a result.

Canada has had a wide experience in the past in the matter of the exploitation of acreage in the vicinity of prosperous centres, yet, despite the bitter regrets of scores of investors who have been badly taken in, the game continues to be played for all it is worth.

The exploitation of outside property is a possible menace that threatens Brandon. The healthy demand for Brandon property may be succeeded by a very unhealthy boom, consisting of the subdivision and placing on the market of outside acreage as residential sites.

In every instance where speculative exploitation of this nature has been

## THE SNOB

An attempt to define the snob in a caricature

'Laudable attempt is being made by the Montreal Star to define and discredit the snob and snobbery. Its definition of a snob is admirable so far as it goes. Here it is:

"A snob is one who pays an excessive deference to mere rank, regardless of its newness or the mediocrity of persons of which it consists. A snob is a person who fawns and flatters the wealthy; a snob is a person who puts up with treatment from those about him in the social scale which he would not endure from those in his own class; a snob is one, in short, who is so anxious to climb the social ladder that he or she is willing to lose all self-respect, all kindliness, all uprightness in so doing. Snobishness is a noxious growth and should be promptly and firmly crushed to death in our new and democratic land."



They Haven't Caught It Yet.

of opportunity, and confident of that superior advantage he assumes the spotlight down East and talks incessantly. The Easterner is filled with admiration and wonderment; that is the Easterner who is impressionable. The big financial man who keeps in touch, is very apt to head him off with some statements of relative values that makes the Westerner look like an over-credulous optimist. But whether over-credulous or not, the Westerner is an optimist for good enough reasons, and his optimism, in most every locality, is contagious.

But although the reasons for his optimism are ample, the Westerner, for his own good, and the good of his cause, should not overlook the splendid progress of neighboring localities. The East is his mainstay. Where would our Southern Alberta farmers have been this year if the financial market of Toronto had been closed to them? The money for the development of the West comes from the East, and surely the East must be prosperous or it could not keep up the supply.

One of the great Western features is the constant supply of new material. From all over the world people of all creases of life flock to the West, whether to remain or not, and the open-minded West absorbs the best of all their best ideas.

The East, we must remember, is doing wonders. We must not forget that to the man in Liverpool, Toronto is on the rim of things. Put the West, in comparison, is still desirable.

## THE GREAT GALLEON

(The London Spectator)

(The operations in Tobermory Bay carried on so successfully for the past three weeks have now been temporarily discontinued until stronger suction plants, capable of dealing with the immense masses of shells which cover the Armada galleon, have been constructed and put on board a more powerful sailing vessel. The construction of the new machinery will take a considerable time so that operations will not be resumed in all likelihood before Christmas.—Daily Paper.)

We left the Tagus banks behind and shores of pleasant Spain, Our gallant great Armada, to sail across the main, And new a one among us asked that we should lie to-day Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We saw the pennons flaunting, heard the loud bells ring To celebrate the mightiness of our Most Christian King; Our fleet it was invincible. But new our bones we lay Down among the wreckage of Tobermory Bay.

Upon our silent culverines gross barnacles must feed; For chains upon our necks hang tangled skeins of seaweed; Through the sockets where our eyes once shone the cold and cruel rays play Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

Above our heads the perilous Atlantic combers surge, But here we lie unheeding their full tempestuous dirge; We joy not in the sunset nor heed the break of day Down amid the twilight of Tobermory Bay.

The noble and the base, we sit together, and we keep All in the clammy ooze and slime a brotherhood of sleep, Hidalgo of Valladolid and beggars of the Biscay; Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We lie in powerless splendor, to lord o'er our wreck, And listen to the shuffling of the devil's feet on deck. Our swords are rust-covered, our armor riven to decay, Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We shall hear the archangel's trumpet and the loud bells boom, When we rise before the Judgment-seat to meet the Day of Doom. But, till that day arises, let us slumber, let us stay Down among our comrades in Tobermory Bay.

## TOO MUCH HEALTH TREATMENT.

The New York Herald tells the story of a Brooklyn man who com-

plained to a magistrate that his wife was inflicting upon him cruel and unusual punishment in the form of health treatment.

"Well, Judge, this woman here, who is my wife, has got the notion that unless I take cold water baths every morning, sleep on the porch at night, and live on nuts and wafer tablets guaranteed by health experts to be equal to pounds of steak I'll have an early death. I stood it as long as I could, and—well we had a fight the other night which brought out the neighbors, and I'm not going to go back unless I can live like other civilized citizens. Just because she owns the house!"

"It appears," interrupted the magistrate turning to the wife, "that you have been very cruel to your husband. It must stop. If he then told them to go home, but I mean was doubtful.

"And may I sleep indoors?" he asked.

"Yes," said the magistrate.

"And have warm water when I bathe?"

"Certainly."

"And a juicy steak and corned beef and cabbage once in a while?"

"Why, yes, if you have the price."

"And may I tell my wife to stop attending the meetings of the Carnarvie Fresh Air Guild?"

At this point the wife burst into tears, whereat the magistrate tempered his drastic verdict in the husband's favor by assuring her that her ideas were all right if not carried so extremes.

## ROOSEVELT'S TEETH

When one sees Roosevelt in an address show his teeth, not figuratively, but really, he is struck with admiration. They do not show up in the horrifying aspect the cartoons make them. One is rather impressed with the gorgeous health of them. What fine aid-digesters they are, what a healthy vigorous mouth they occupy. At a recent meeting of dentists of them said the ability of Theodore Roosevelt which makes him a terror to the fangs of South Africa and many men in America, is due to the splendid teeth. Teeth are a great asset in this world. Every thing centers in the teeth—the will, the disposition, the digestion, the health, the joy of life—all depend largely upon the teeth. One can not disconnect Roosevelt's sturdy physique from those magnificent teeth, which the cartoonists distort into the ferocity of an ogre's grin.

## A UNIQUE TREE STATUE

New Jersey, by her shade tree statue, converted the rocky pioneer trail of the tree planter into a graded, progress fostering roadway. The law provided for a shade tree commission of three freeholders, who shall serve without compensation. The commission is not only warden of the older trees, but also planter of the new. In Newark, where the law has been in force six years seventeen thousand young trees on 102 miles of streets have been set out. Picture this: One hundred and two miles of new plantings, adorning the streets, gladdening the eye, cooling and purifying the air, and enhancing the city's beauty is not the result merely of "time and elements," for a tree commission is required systematically to mulch, trim, spray, fertilize and otherwise nurture its young.

## The New Soldier

(The new model barracks for the Coldstream Guards will be what is described as "a room for study.")

No more now Thomas A. delights To paint the town in tints so ruddy, He always likes to spend his nights, Until his bedtime, in the study.

Now you may see that form unique Which Regent street and Piccadilly Admired (persuading in the Greek) Selected portions of the Iliad.

It comes not as a shade of shock Upon the officer commanding, To find the private reading "Locke" Unto the officer commanding.

Although of course we're pleased to see

This taste for reading and for writing, Let's hope our soldiers will not be Above so low a thing as fighting.

An ignorance of aims Makes it impossible to be great at all —E. B. Browning

When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something—Browning.

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We are resident agents for the National Union Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburgh - one of the strongest and most reliable Companies on the American Continent. The rates are low, the conditions fair and business-like and we guarantee prompt and satisfactory settlements.

If you are unprotected drop us a postal or give us a call.

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Here is a Marvel Heater No. 11 ..... \$5.91  
A No. 13 ..... \$9.74  
A No. 15 is ..... \$9.74  
Full size Iron Bed with brass knobs only ..... \$5.91  
A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress ..... \$17.24  
An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost \$175.00, will sell for ..... \$69.00  
A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, braced in every part for ..... \$15.50  
Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for ..... \$8.75  
Wash Stand for ..... \$6.95  
All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at ..... \$2.95  
Flannel Sheets ..... \$1.25  
Building Paper, Tar Paper.  
Toilet Sets.  
Horse Rugs, from ..... \$3.75

Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes. The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that others are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1332.

carried on, there have invariably been many who have suffered financial loss, the onus for which is thrust on the locality rather than on the speculator who has engineered the transaction.

The possibility of the speculator taking up the city of Brandon as a medium, on the credit of which to carry on realty exploitation, exists beyond a doubt, and it is here that the civic authorities should step in for the safe guarding of the city's good name.

It is beyond all doubt true that the manipulation of a speculative venture of this description by unreliable agents, brings in its train a stigma which remains firmly attached to the locality affected. Brandon cannot afford to have any aspersion cast on her integrity, and concerted action by the city council, board of trade, and commercial bureau will ensure the city's fair name being kept clear of all suspicion.

## THE KING AND LONG SERMONS

The recognized time for a preacher to occupy the pulpit when preaching before the late King Edward was ten minutes. King George, however, has never quite approved of these very short sermons, and it has been attributed to the chaplain's ordinary attached to the royal household, from whom the preacher, at the morning service at Buckingham Palace is usually selected, that their sermons may be lengthier than they were customarily in the last reign.

An intimation of the sort annoys practically to a command, but it is doubtful if it will be very welcome to some of the chaplains who were in the late King's household, who, having the past years, rarely preached a sermon of more than ten minutes duration.

When the King is at Buckingham Palace on Sunday the preacher for the morning service is selected by His Majesty; the selection is usually made on Friday, and the chaplain who has been chosen is notified of the fact by the sub-dean.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.—Addison.

We repeat, it is an admirable definition so far as it goes. But it is not comprehensive enough. It would serve equally well as a definition of a toady, a tuft hunter, a social parasite. The snob is all these, and something more. He is an egoist and an egotist. He makes himself the center of every circumference large and small, the end of every vista. He is the slave of appearances. He values things not for what they are, but for what they seem. Convention is all-in-all to him, and Mrs. Grundy is his supreme law-giver. Usually, but not always, the snob is self-conceited, the mere toady or parasite is frequently free from this weakness. The toady or parasite is usually meek and cringing in demeanor; the snob is frequently arrogant and overbearing towards his social equals and inferiors, though of course never to his superiors. The vice of toadyism is for the most part a negative vice; that of snobbery is both positive and negative. Comparing the snob with the toady or parasite, it must be admitted that the former is the bigger and more imposing animal, though not less ugly.

After all, the happiest definition of the snob is that of the man who first pictured him and pilloried him and studied him as a distinct species of the genus homo. "If by meaningly affirms mean things" is Thackeray's terse definition. It covers a lot.—Hamilton Herald.

## WESTERN POTENTIALITY

(Calgary News-Telegram)  
The Calgary man goes East and makes the Easterner feel ashamed for not being out where things are popping. The Western man never hesitates to advise his Eastern friend, however well situated, to get loose and come West. He goes East filled with figures of percentages of development and recites them in and out of season. And his percentages run large. The small Western community has not to add many people before it reaches a hundred per cent. That hundred per cent swells in a matter of half a dozen years to a thousand, and makes the per cent of increase enjoyed by Eastern cities look very insignificant in comparison, to all who fail to pause and realize the difference in total populations. The Western man believes he has a monopoly

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## A LITTLE TRAGEDY OF WASTE

## An Educated Man

By S. H. Howard, in Canadian Collier's

Scene I—At the Laying of the Corner-stone of a Provincial University.

Orator of the Day—This auspicious occasion is one that might be called one of almost solemn import, an occasion likened unto the ceremonious sacrifices on the altars of olden times, when a primitive people took from their herds and their flocks and the meagre harvests of their little fields and made offerings to the Most High, sacrificing a share of their poor earthly wealth and bodily sustenance to the worship of the Spirit, denying themselves a proportion of their material prosperity that their souls might grow and have life.

Today we lay the corner-stone of this university, and place beneath its crushing weight gold and silver coins and parchment script as symbols of a sacrifice we too have made unto the Most High. Unto Higher Education and the Higher Life we have consecrated a tithe of our toil—not for ourselves—no, but that the flower of our youth may be taken aside from the noise and strife of things for a space, and trained for those star-lit altitudes of Service like unto the divine vocations of the prophets and kings of old.

Scene II—A Farmhouse Bedroom—A New Mother and a New Man-Child. Father Sitting in Stiff Little Chair at Bedside.

Mother (with a new voice)—And now that his name is decided, let us settle upon his calling. What is he to be? Would you like him to be a farmer?

Father (dubiously)—No-o; I'd like him to have a better chance than I ever had. I don't like the thought of him having to work so hard.

Mother (timidly)—I'd like our David to go to college, wouldn't you?

Father—Yes, I would; but I'm afraid it would be quite a pull to keep him at school so long as that.

Mother—We are, both of us, young and strong-hearted; I'm willing to make any sacrifice for his sake.

Father—So am I.  
 Mother (with gentle enthusiasm)—Then as soon as he's old enough we'll send him to the university and let him decide for himself what he's to be in the world.

Scene III—Twenty Years Later. A College Function. Swimming-Bath, University Gymnasium. Midnight. Black Darkness.

Sepulchral Voice—Order! Knights of the Bath, we have met together this evening to fulfil one of the sacred vows of our order. We have in waiting without the form and person of a fragrant freshman, newly caught and redolent of hay. We have thought it our duty to call you from your midnight researches that fitting form may be vouchsafed the time-honoured ceremonies in accordance with our venerable tradition. I will ask you now to take up your stations and preserve the silence as ordained.

A Voice—Will I turn on the lights?  
 Sepulchral One—It is not so written. Admit the Victim.  
 (Door opens. Light reveals three figures arm in arm, center man blindfolded. Door closes—Black darkness.)

Sepulchral One—Whom bring ye? Guard—A new and strange variety. Long, bony, straw-haired and rosy. Pans three inches short. Vest low cut and loose amidships. Coat short in sleeves and tight across the back. Gait Shambling. Voice falsetto-harsh. Habits shy. Blushes when disturbed. Origin unknown.

Sepulchral One—What is his quest at the Fountain?

Victim (attempting jocularity)—More light.

Sepulchral One—Alas, we can but make you clean. The light comes from within.

Victim (affecting boldness)—Cut it short.  
 Sepulchral One—I perceive a slight lack of reverence. Know you the brink upon which you stand?

Victim—It feels like concrete.

Sepulchral One—It is concrete—a concrete fact. Let it impress upon you the reality of your position. What is your name in the little world from which you come? Speak up!

Victim—Johnson.  
 Sudden Echoing Chorus—JOHN-SON!

Sepulchral One (sternly)—And your first name?

Victim (startled)—Ah—David. Shouted Chorus—DAVID!

Sepulchral One—In the name of Higher Education, Higher Criticism, and the Universal Catechism, and in immemorial commemoration of your provincial heretics, withdraw the name David and substitute therefor High-water. In the mystic words

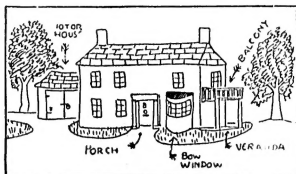
boy will always be the same—you'll see. (Sighing). Yes, they laughed at the suit he wore away from here and he had to spend thirty dollars more than his father calculated. Kind of upset pa's plans a little.

Witherop Girl (with eager sympathy)—I'm sure it must've. (Cheerfully). Never mind, in four years Dave will be through, and then he'll be a help to you, instead of—

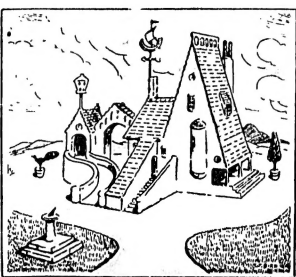
David's Mother (quickly)—Oh, no, not Dave's going through for a profession. His father says he'll make a job of David if he has to mortgage the farm.

Witherop Girl—And after it's all finished and Dave has passed, then what?

David's Mother (proudly)—Then David will doubtless take his place in the World and do something for his Country.



This is the rough idea for his new house which Jones gave to his architect.



And this is the idea which the architect then gave to Mr. Jones.

Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, I do acquiesce you High-water Johnson. Chorus—HIGH-WATER JOHNSON!

Sepulchral One—Advance your charge to the sprinkling. (A staccato silence—a loud splash—sudden outburst of great joy.)

Sepulchral One (spluttering with delight)—Lights, lights; let's have some light on this.

(Electric bulbs flash forth.)  
 General Chorus—Where is he? There he is!—Water wet, fresher!—He's drowning!—No, he's all right. Pull him out, someone, he can't swim.

—It ain't deep—Yes it is, at this end. Shock was too much for him—Why don't he swim?—His coat is too tight. Pull him out, he's had enough.

Sepulchral One—Yes, pull him out, boys.

The Boys—We can't reach him. Sepulchral One—Get something—a rake or something.

(General confusion—delay—three students join hands, lean over bath, and fish victim forth.)

Cheerful Chorus—Noble work! Hooray for the heroes!—Leather medals for three.

Victim—Sp-p-p-err—  
 Sepulchral One—He's all right; little water in him, that's all.

High-water Johnson, you have been admitted to the noble Order of the Bath. Get a new suit of clothes and maintain the dignity of the order as a true knight. Gentlemen and nobles, owing to the protracted nature of the proceedings, further initiative ceremonies billed for this evening are postponed until notice.

Scene IV—Sitting-room, Johnson's Farmhouse.

David's Mother (to one of the Witherop girls who has dropped in on her way from the Corners)—David is doing splendid—just splendid. He has been initiated into the Order of the Bath.

Witherop Girl (uncomprehending)—That's something, isn't it?

David's Mother (modestly)—Yes, it shows he's getting on. He had to get a suit of city clothes.

Witherop Girl—We'll hardly know Dave when he comes home.

David's Mother (confidently)—My

Witherop Girl—And you'll live in the city with him, I suppose?

David's Mother—Oh, it won't matter much about us by that time. Our part will be done.

Scene V—A Boarding-House. Student's Lamp, Books, Cienille-covered Table, Two Chairs, Dingy Wash-Stand, Cheap Golden Oak Bedstead.

Male Voices (singing on stairs)—We're good fellows, boys, And every bloody one of us Just loves his little pipe and bowl. (Rhythmic tramping.)

Female Voice—You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, the lot of you making such a noise at this time of night. It's scandalous! It's outrageous! It's unbearable! I won't!

Chorus (on landing)—Poor old lady. Poor old lady. Poor old lady.

We're going to leave you now. Female Voice—Going to leave me now, are you? We'll see about that in the morning, and you'll pay every cent you owe me, too—you young rowdy, you—yes, you, High-water Johnson; or whatever you call yourself.

High-water—Hooray, wake 'em all up. (Enters, followed by party.)

A Visitor—Three cheers for High-water's landlady.

Chorus (heartily)—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

High-water—On behalf of my esteemed boarding-house mistress, I beg to thank you for the hearty manner in which you have responded to the mention of her name. I—I—

A Visitor—Who mentioned her name?—no name was mentioned—you're in wrong, old man—Gentlemen, before the household settles once more into a state of coma, I'd like to propose three ringing cheers for High-water's old man. It takes a sporting ancestry to account for High-water, and his respected male parent is certainly there with the goods. He moral High-water at college. Think of it! It takes nerve to do a thing like that, gentlemen, and I congratulate High-water on his choice of a sire. I think, under the circumstances, we will be pardoned by the household if we again indulge

in three hearty cheers and a tiger this time, on behalf of High-water's old man.

Chorus—Hear! Hear! Start 'em off, Buggy.

(Three Cheers and a tiger.)  
 High-water—Very decent of you, boys, very decent, I must say. I'm sure I only value the old gentleman's own sentiments when I—

Buggy—Now, cut that out—what are you going to give us to drink? High-water—Beer, beer glorious beer—

(Chorus in unison.)

Final. Scene same as IV—Four years later.

David's Mother (proudly)—David graduates this term. Then he's going to take a post graduate course in Baltimore—we can afford it. The Johns Hopkins, you know.

A Witherop Girl—Have you heard from him lately?

David's Mother—He wrote only the other day. It seems that the Baltimore course costs about \$200. Poor pa—he's aged a lot in the last few years.

Witherop Girl (sympathetically)—Yes, indeed, we all have.

(Enter David's old man.)  
 David's Mother—Did you call at the post-office, Pa?

Old Man—Yep.  
 Mother—Any letters?

Old Man—None.  
 Mother—Nothing?

Old Man—They're organizing a torch-light procession.

Mother (calmly)—What for?

Witherop Girl (far from calmly)—For the Land's Sake!

Old Man—For Dave.

Mother (astounded)—For our David?

Old Man—Yep.  
 Mother—He's won the Scholarship!

Witherop Girl—I just knew he would.

Old Man—Read that. (Throws newspaper on table.)

Witherop Girl (snatching it)—My eyes are youngest. (Reads.) "From Toronto exchanges just to hand we learn that Mr. David Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnson, so many years residents on the Ninth Concession of this township, has been appointed second baseman by the manager of the Baltimore, and makes his debut into professional ranks next week. Congrats are in order for the Johnsons and their friends who always stuck by Dave."

David's Mother—Does that mean our David?

Old Man—If that don't, this does. (Throws telegram to Witherop girl.)

Witherop Girl (reading)—"Wire \$200 for Baltimore expenses at once. Leave Monday."

## HAVE WOMEN A SENSE OF HUMOR?

Once in a while (if not more often) there arises public discussion on that Eternal Question—have women a sense of humor?

People write letters to say that women have no more claim to be considered humorous than a High Court judge has.

Other people write on scented notepaper to declare that a woman's sense of humor is keen enough to cut things with. But in the end all the talk dies down, and is eventually buried under the epitaph "This discussion must now cease."

Let me settle the matter now, once and for all. My dictionary defines humor as 'a mental quality which delights in ludicrous and mirthful ideas'.

Now consider, for example, the hobbie skirt. It is ludicrous and mirthful. Women delight in it. Therefore—Quite so!

Men undoubtedly possess more humor than women, but women don't use theirs up so quickly. A little humor goes a long way with a woman; she has an instinct for economy.

A sense of humor, remember, does not lie in an ability to laugh. I know men who laugh till their ears ache, and yet they have no real sense of humor.

Slightly to admit Shakespear—ye know, the man who's enjoying quite a boom over this sketch presentation business—"A woman may smile and smile and still have no sense of humor."

Many a woman owes her dazzling smile to her dentist, and not to her bump of humor. A thing need not be necessarily funny because they feel like it, and many women laugh because they feel they ought to.

And remember, my son, that a woman usually laughs her heartiest when she wants to exasperate a man. And there's nothing funny in that!

When a man hears a joke, he prows round restlessly till he's found a friend to whom to repeat it. When

a woman hears a good joke she never repeats it—because she does not know it's a good joke.

You see, a good joke, from a woman's point of view, needs three qualifications: (a) it must be about someone; (b) it must be about someone she knows; and (c) it must be "one up against" that someone. Given these three things, it doesn't matter whether the joke has got a joke in it or not. From a woman's point of view, it's a joke, anyway.

Of course, women don't care for spiteful jokes . . . about themselves. Women are rather clannish in their humor; they prefer to laugh at each other. They don't even smile when a man wears his hat at a giddy angle, but let a woman's bonnet tilt three degrees from the normal, and every other woman will find quite a lot of satisfactory fun in the happening.

There are two certain ways of amusing a woman with a sense of humor. You can either propose marriage to her, or propose to some one else. A woman always thinks it's funny you could possibly expect her to marry you; and she always thinks it's funny you could ever think of marrying any one else.

Comic literature does not appeal to women unless it is in manuscript, is delivered by post, and has a lot of little crosses at the foot of the page.

The feminine idea of smart repartee is to get in the last words. Any old words will do, so long as they are the last. I am such an admirer of wit that I would give anything to hear the last words of some women.

There are very few women who are comic artists . . . intentionally. On the other hand there are a number of "comedienne" on the stage. I know there are comedienne, because it says so on the programme. And, of course, they must have a sense of humor, or they wouldn't be there.

But woman's possession of humor is best proved in the auditorium of a theatre. Why, women cry at melodrama! And tears, we know, are the most exquisite form of mirth.

Finally let us sum up—th most remarkable feature of feminine humor is that it is so essentially . . . feminine.—F. Morton Howard in London Opinion.

Character first; the rest will follow. —Campbell.

Each man's life is all men's lesson. —Owen Meredith.

A mind content both crown and kingdom is—Robert Greene.

Modesty is a merit as shades to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty—Brydner.

I honor any man, anywhere, who, in the conscientious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, dares to stand alone.—Charles Sumner.

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## THE CITY PLANNING MOVEMENT

Mr. Gibbs' Third Article—A plea for a Rational Method of Laying Out Our Streets—The Need of Keeping Practical Considerations In View—The Railways as They Affect Edmonton—What Other Cities Are Doing

Let us disabuse our minds of all misunderstanding as to the somewhat overworked expression "The City Beautiful." To the average citizen the "City Beautiful" suggests the scheme impossible devised by the man impractical. If Boards of Aldermen and City Treasurers are to be convinced we must give them a right and tranquillizing explanation of our intentions. Let us work towards a sensible, practical, livable city in which the solution of practical necessities is attempted with due regard for existing facts and economic factors. But because the realization of a large and comprehensive improvement may not at any given moment be financially practical, that is no argument against the formulating of such a scheme; you may not today or tomorrow be able to do any of the things laid down, but you can insure that the day after when the opportunity comes you do not carry out something entirely different.

### Edmonton's Unkind Fate

We cannot too sincerely deplore the unkind fate that has given us a rigid grid-iron or chess-board by out of streets and blocks. The justification for this system of planning is tainted with the greed of the speculator and the soulless complicity of the surveyor too glad to find a system so saving of thought and of such fatal facility. If ever there were cities where a little thought and ingenuity in the beginning would have given handsome returns, Edmonton is certainly one. The birthright of natural advantages which our river frontage conferred upon us has been sold to the interests of short-sighted speculation, and the advantage to a great extent lost beyond recall. My only reason for pointing out this lamentable fact is to rouse the thinking element in the community to a determination that such mistakes shall not be allowed to recur, as they inevitably will under a system of public apathy and official "laissez-faire." Certain private interests are doing enlightened work in a restricted area, and demonstrating the commercial advisability of scientific planning, but the Glenora swallow will not make an Edmonton summer, and unless we take energetic steps, it will, I am afraid, be a city larger than it is great, and bulkier than it is symmetrical or convenient. Another feature which we owe to the chess-board layout is the undue length of the streets stretching monotonously to the horizon requiring as far as purely residential roads are concerned an otherwise unnecessary width to make them tolerable. The minimum width of 60 ft. prescribed by the Government unjustified under the above circumstances could with a more enlightened system of planning be safely and advantageously reduced in many instances.

### The Chess-Board Plan

In this connection we must not confuse the chess-board plan with a rectangular layout. The advocates of the chess-board claim that no plan is so practical or economical in the cutting up of land into lots, or in questions of sewage and water mains. I admit that diagonal and circular roads involve some disadvantages in subdivision, but this cannot be urged against a carefully thought-out rectangular plan. On a flat town site the rectangular layout naturally suggests itself and with certain limits is perhaps the most practical. I have yet to have brought home to me the advantages of the gridiron with its monotonous repetition of the block unit throughout the city. Do we realize sufficiently that under the gridiron plan there is no possibility of ever closing a long street perspective with a building or a monument. That in a built-up section we never properly see our buildings until right in front of them and then at no greater distance than the width of the street. That if you are walking Westward in the afternoon sun must inevitably have the sun full in your face until it sinks below the horizon, that if you are walking Northward and the wind is blowing from that direction down a street funnel miles in length you will have to face it to the bitter end. These things need not be in a rectangular plan, still less where radiating and curved roads are

judiciously introduced, but with the gridiron there is no escape. But it will be pointed out, we have the gridiron layout and no amount of crying will mend the pitcher or save the spilt milk. Yes and No which lucidly reply clears the way for a statement of certain theories, rapidly becoming accepted as to the layout of streets.

### Street Planning Principles

All streets are not business thoroughfares or main arteries of traffic, just as all streets are not residential, industrial or commercial. This fact involves a careful consideration of function in any scientific plan. The city planning expert out of his own experience and in conjunction with the local commission divides the city present and prospective in a general way into zones. He then after a consideration of the country roads of greater or less importance leading trade to and from the city lays out certain main traffic arteries, and a street car system based upon present requirements and prospective needs.

The secondary and local streets are then thought out with strict regard to the locality and purpose of same, as affecting their width and treatment. And while on this subject it is interesting to know what are the conclusions of experts in other countries. The modern German idea about streets briefly stated is that while pure air is desirable in cities, the way to acquire it is not through the provision of wide straight streets, squares and open spaces which furnish clouds of dust not only injurious in itself but accompanied by the germs of disease which are thus scattered broad cast among the inhabitants. To diminish this danger, which modern medical science regards as a serious one, streets should have curves and angles, and the study of the conditions which will give most air and sun, with the minimum of wind and dust, is one of the problems of modern city planning. Another problem is a social one. Under the usual system of planning, wide straight streets of uniform width, and at equal distances apart, all lots are of the same size, and the poor man must pay interest on the same amount of land and the same width of street, for his two-storey house as the rich man for his six storey one. The consequence is to force the poor people to live in tenement houses on the large lots, where, under a more rational system of planning, they could have their own small houses on shallow lots, on streets of proportionate width, which would be quieter, freer from dust, less expensive, and more easily kept clean than wider ones. It is now usual to restrict the height of city buildings in proportion to the width of the street on which they face, and to provide for narrow as well as wide streets, would be a great economic and practical advantage. Where a street expands into a square, the German theory is that this should not be in the axis of the street, but on one side so that traffic may go on without disturbing the open space, and crossings of thoroughfares at right angles are proved to be the cause of great inconvenience.

### The Effect on the Mind

Aesthetically, the Germans claim that a long, straight street gives an unpleasant sense of fatigue, and that curves and breaks, or even changes of grade, are necessary to agreeable effect; and they favour variations in width, not only for the same purpose, but to give greater space in front of churches, schools, theatres and public buildings, where it is needed to prevent obstruction of the traffic.

### Mr. Unwin's View

Mr. Raymond Unwin, the English authority, has this to say: "Hitherto it has been the general custom in this country for our bye-laws to fix a minimum width applicable to all new roads, and there has been a tendency on the part of the more enlightened municipalities in recent years to increase this minimum width from about 30 feet up to about 50 feet. But while either of these widths is ridiculously inadequate for the main thoroughfare in any large town, the greater of them at least is so excessive as a means of giving access to a group of houses that it makes the rest of these wider roads become one of the causes tending to produce either the overcrowding of houses on the site or the creation of

flat dwellings. If we are to carry out sensible town planning, we must accept the principle that roads should be of varying widths according to the purpose they are to fulfill. Certain roads can be so planned that they will meet all the requirements of the more important thoroughfares, and the intercommunication ways of secondary importance also. The city development plan should, in fact, lay down all these primary and secondary highways. If the city plans provides for these secondary roads at distances from each other of from half to a quarter of a mile it will generally be found that all necessary provision for convenient intercommunication will have been made. Any other roads required to develop the land for building purposes should be regarded as building roads only and should be of an entirely different character. Also, the planning of them may often tend with advantage rather to discourage any through traffic from making use of them. If this is done, such roads may be much narrower, and of a total width, provided that a reasonable distance between the buildings is prescribed. The construction of them may be lighter also; pitching, paving, curbing, channelling may be dispensed with altogether or in part; and, indeed, on many of the smaller and shorter it is difficult to see why a simple carriage-way, such as is found adequate to give access to a large palace, public school, or other such building containing a very considerable population and entailing much vehicular traffic, should not quite well suffice as a means of access to limited groups of houses or cottages.

Charles W. Elliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, as an introduction to John Nolen's report on the Replanning of Reading, Pennsylvania, gives forcible reasons for civic planning and incidentally certain theories as to what to avoid in street layout.

### Casual and Thoughtless

"The laying out of most American cities," he says, "has been casual and thoughtless of future needs. The common rectangular layout, without any well-considered diagonals, causes a great daily waste of human and animal labor and of fuel while high buildings, narrow streets and lack of open spaces make it impossible to keep the cities well aired and well sunned. To improve or reform the layout of most American cities is, therefore, a great public need, not only for beauty's sake, but for the sake of the health, efficiency, and happiness of their people."

In Mr. Nolen's report above referred to, he faces the difficulty of dealing with streets already built and his opinion is full of interest to us especially in view of the fact that the City of Reading already has a population of 100,000.

"The importance of a first-rate system of transportation for the easy circulation of goods and people can scarcely be exaggerated. There is not a large city in the United States that has at present a first-rate system, and these cities are all more or less baffled in their attempts now to secure one. In this matter Reading has a peculiar position and opportunity. While it is scarcely practicable in many cases, on account of the cost, to change closely built up streets, it is perfectly practicable to widen the extensions of the principal streets, to transform badly several country roads into main diagonals, and to completely encircle the city with a broad circumferential parkway. Larger cities have not the same opportunity. Their size makes such changes too difficult and too costly. But the present day Reading is but the nucleus of the future city, and by prompt action a system of main avenues, traffic streets and boulevards can be secured that will be of incalculable value to business interests, to persons living on the outskirts of the city, and to those who enjoy pleasure driving or motoring or the public parks which the city must soon establish. And in connection with this difficult question of widening existing streets I would like to quote the Pittsburgh Civic Commission in its report: "Outline and Procedure for City Planning for Pittsburgh," prepared by B. J. Arnold, Chicago, J. R. Freeman, Providence and Frederick Law Olmsted, Boston. "When we speak of a plan for thoroughfares, we do not mean merely a piece of paper with lines drawn upon it. We mean a reasonable project for attaining certain definite results, including a study of the legal and financial means of bringing them about without excessive burden on the tax payers at any given time or undue hardship upon individual owners of property. The execution of such a plan must be gradual but it will not be executed at all without systematic and continuous effort and

the payment of just bills for value received. Without attempting here to propose any specific method, it may be well to call attention to one successfully employed in a number of European cities for street widening and street extensions, seldom employed in this country but involving no new or unusual legal powers and possessing many economic advantages. The layout for the widening of a given street, for example, is adopted by the city authorities as their definite and declared purpose but no legal steps are taken to dispossess any of the abutters until they severally apply for building permits for the erection of new buildings or additions within the lines of the proposed widening, at which time each of them is requested to set his building back to the adopted line and each case as it arises is settled as to damages and benefits. The most important application of the method is in the case of suburban thoroughfares where the buildings all sit back from the street line to begin with and where the physical widening of the streets may not be required for many years to come but where, in the absence of some such policy occasional lot owners will from time to time build out to the line to the detriment of their neighbours for the time being and ultimately to the serious economic injury of the community, where the buildings have to be destroyed in the widening of the street or whether the street becomes congested because the city cannot afford to widen it."

### The Railway Lines

The question of street layout, especially in the consideration of the industrial and commercial zones, naturally involves the study of Traffic and Freight railway lines and I think one of the most important things that a civic planning expert or experts would have to advise on in this city would be that very serious question of the C. N. R. and G. T. P. right of way, cutting as it does through the heart of the city and forming an almost insuperable barrier in the way of efficient civic planning. The opinion of the State Senator Cotter, expert from Seattle, is interesting.

The following is taken from an interview published in The Journal, Dec. 14th: "In answer to a request for his opinion about the effect of the location of the railways in the city in its development and the possibility of making it attractive Senator Cotter stated that he had not looked into the railway situation in Edmonton very closely. He expressed the opinion, however, that it would one day become necessary either to raise or lower the lines or move them from the city altogether and that from the standpoint of civic development, along artistic lines the last named course would be the most satisfactory."

In his report to the civic society of Waterloo, Iowa, Mr. Charles Mumford Robinson finds himself confronted with this very problem but in a more aggravated form than we have it here. "A most serious municipal problem," he says, "is presented by the railroads. Physically, Waterloo is strangled and bound by these in exceptionally trying fashion and there is possibly nothing which is more difficult to move than a railway. Accepting the present distressing situation—a growing city compressed and tortured by the restless hands which the railroads wound about years ago. What can be done? "Here you have, as I have pointed out, the aggravated case of a city where a state of things has been allowed to grow up neglected and where the absolute uncontrolled entry into the heart of the city of freight and traffic lines must for ever cripple and complicate the city's logical development. I am optimistic enough to think that a capable expert might devise some escape from our present difficulty and that with the earnest co-operation of all the railways might be prevailed upon to help us in making Edmonton's proper and dignified expansion possible."

### The Purpose of The Boulevard

In conclusion, I might I emphasize the fact that we are the capital city of a potentially great province. We have a city site which we are proud to show to visitors, and it is a feature of western hospitality that we should so entertain our guests. I have no doubts that a planning expert would for the following reasons provide for a great pleasure boulevard connecting with the city park system and heavy spots, planned with reference to the main traffic arteries, and any system of interior breathing spaces or city playgrounds that we may be wise enough to evolve. I have before me the scheme for an outer parkway and interior system of parks and boulevards for Oklahoma City. The grand boulevard there shown is perhaps too am-

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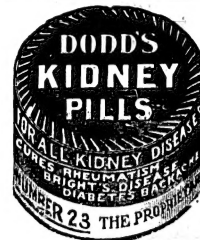
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## National Blend Tea Store

bitious for us. It is over all 200 feet wide arranged as follows: A centre automobile roadway 40 feet wide, separated from two 25 feet carriage ways by a 35 feet wide strip of tree and shrub planted greenward, with 8 ft. sidewalk in same, 10 ft. from curb of carriage way. In the recommendation for the improvement of Montclair, N. Y., a circuit drive 12 miles long is planned, 110 feet wide over all, with 30 feet drive and 24 feet equestrian path, the dividing and confining spaces being boulevarded. I might here say that the suggestion from Montclair streets provides as follows: Secondary streets 48 feet wide with 24 feet roadway. Normal Residence streets, 60 feet wide with 30 feet roadway. Business thoroughfares for double car tracks 80 feet wide with 50 feet roadway. For the city of Reading, Penn., a great belt boulevard 200 feet wide, 18 miles long is planned connecting up the city park system. It is maintained in this connection that the enhancement of real estate values along the lines of the boulevard would be so great that building property owners could well afford to donate the land acquired so that the city would only have the expense of constructing and planting. We have an exceptional opportunity of doing something great in this way if we lay our plans early. I believe that all powerful real estate interests in Edmonton are sufficiently alive to the advertising possibility of a belt boulevard, to make them generous in the matter of the land requir-

ed. We shall not maintain the dignity of this province and justify our position as its capital city unless we are prepared to plan with imagination and breadth of vision the greater Edmonton. We in this practical West Land are, I feel, somewhat over disdainful of the dreamer. Let us concede some usefulness to those in the community whose imaginations stretch out into the veiled years and of whom Kipling says: "We were dreamers dreaming greatly in the man-stilled town. We yearned beyond the skyline where the strange roads go down. Came the whisper, came the Vision, came the power to meet the need. Till the Soul that was not man's soul was lent to us to lead."

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.



## Music and Drama

Recently Madame Nordica undertook to give an English rendering of Wagner, and the result may be judged from the criticism of Mr. Reginald de Koven, the well-known composer and critic. "As a matter of fact," he says, "it did honestly surprise me that a native-born English-speaking artist did not succeed in making herself as intelligible in her own tongue as either of two foreign artists, Madame Sembrich and Signor Bonci, who recently so successfully demonstrated the fact that to sing English understandably is within the compass of any trained artist."

When Mella visited us she had with her a very accomplished French tenor. What struck me as the feature of the whole programme was his delightful enunciation of that well-known song, "I hear you calling." "Why," I asked, "when a foreigner can make himself so clearly understood, cannot our own singers do the same?" Till they can learn to do so, it is useless to discuss the question whether English is preferable to a foreign language as a medium for a singer. It's all the same to the audience whether the words are English or Italian or Yiddish.

An eastern paper makes this observation in regard to an operatic performance in the city where it is published:

"What is the defect with English-speaking singers; singing in their own tongue? The English language is both musical and expressive. The great English masters of both prose and poetry have sufficiently demonstrated the inexhaustible richness of the language for practically all forms of expression. What is the matter with the singers? Is it a case of real carelessness or indifference, or some defect in training by which the words are sacrificed to the music? Whatever the defect may be, it is a rare treat to find a singer, even a singer of reputation, who can render a simple song or ballad so that the words can be distinctly heard and the meaning understood at the first hearing. The same criticism applies even to church music."

"An illustration was furnished by the attempt of the Sheehan company to sing 'Il Trovatore' in English last night. The performance was in many ways an excellent effort, and the large audience was delighted with the painstaking effort to popularize the work of one of the greatest masters of melody; yet it is safe to say that, except for snatches and phrases here and there the whole thing might as well have been given in Italian as in English. Indeed it is doubtful if the performance would not have been more impressive, if not more intelligent, in Italian than it was in English."

From all of which it would appear that the first step towards securing grand opera in English is to have our singers trained to sing in English."

The gross receipts for the four Terry performances in Edmonton exceeded \$4,000. This should indicate that the hour has struck which marks the opening of a new era in the city's dramatic history.

The Footlights Dramatic Society gave a very successful production of the comedy "Uncle Will" in Clarendon last week.

Walt Mason writing in the "Emporia Gazette," thinks that the allegorical drama, "Chantecler," is too silly for words. He says:

"The first American performance of 'Chantecler,' the latest Rostand play, was given in New York the other night, and the master was considered so important that a long account was telegraphed to the morning papers. The dramatic critics all over the country will be writing about it for weeks to come, giving serious attention to the most idiotic thing ever devised by man."

It is impossible to believe that any sane human being really enjoys such a play. To see men and women togged out as roosters and hens, and cats and dogs, would be ridiculous if it were not disgusting, and the magic word "Art," which is being overworked by the highbrows in this connection, does not excuse such a travesty.

The play is not an allegory, not a satire; it is just delirium; it is a bad case of jim-jams, and nothing more. The whole thing hinges upon belief of a rooster that the sun rises because it crows. Talk that a lofty and ennobling theme! Imagine

grown men and women fixing themselves up as hens and cats and dogs, and scratching around in a barnyard for a whole evening, to demonstrate that the rooster's theory was wrong, that the sun would rise even if the rooster didn't crow!

The Junk Editor read as much of "Chantecler" as he could stand when it appeared in one of the magazines. There never was such hopeless, tiresome, idiotic floundering. The fact that there are Americans who will applaud such a play is discouraging. What the country needs is cultivation of a sane, wholesome taste in literature and drama, and the staging of this absurd French play is an excursion in the opposite direction.

### THE QUEST.

"(When," the Book Monthly asks, "will somebody give us a novel of which the happy singer of forty-five shall be the heroine?")

Oh have I searched the libraries to find me,  
Her for whose charms my throbbing heart doth long,  
Hoping that to her fallings love would blind me,  
Hunting that one so gracious knows no wrong.

Through the sad years—no, never mind how many—  
I have been waiting watching; but in vain,  
Joys come to other men; to me—no any;

Only a yearning close akin to pain;  
Still though, I pray  
The bliss that other men feel may be mine, some day.

I have no craving for the Maid from Mude's,  
Blue eyes, and modest as the violet;  
And to the country lass my attitude is distant, that of one unconquered yet.

Beauty has lost its power to attract me;  
Coyness, coquetting, leaves me quite unmoved.

These have not caused the agony that wracked me;  
Fatal as they to other men have proved,  
No heroine

Whom Ouida ever dreamt of to my taste has been.

She whom I seek is not, perhaps, romantic;  
Girlhood and all its follies she's outgrown.

Pretty? No; but her intellect's gigantic,  
And all the charms she has are quite her own.

She may not move me to great deeds of daring;  
Portly, and more than middle-aged is she;

But she will air the winter clothes I'm wearing,  
And be a mother, more or less to me.

But I'm afraid  
Since she's elusive, I'll wed some more winsome maid!

—Westminster Gazette.

### OTTAWA AND SNOBBERY

(Ottawa Journal)

To the "Journal" it has always seemed a curious notion that the presence of an English gentleman in Ottawa, albeit a Governor-General, should be interpreted by outsiders to conduce to snobbishness. It can not be that there is strife to get recognized at Rideau Hall. To get access to most functions at Rideau Hall, anyone who could get access to any sort of social function among well-to-do people in any place anywhere has only got to go and write his name in the register at the door. To get access to any social leader's house in Toronto or Montreal would be much more difficult for nearly everybody, and impossible to most. The Governor-General's job is first a political one. The political consideration comes in all round, even socially. Rideau Hall can not afford to be exclusive. It does not try to please Ottawa tuft-hunters. It tries to please all decent people who want to be pleased. Nor does Rideau Hall set a pace for money-spending. A generous hospitality is exercised, and you would have to search viceregal annals back to Lady Aberdeen's historic fancy-dress ball sixteen years ago and a beautiful thing it was, and worth the money—and find a single suggestion or project inspir-

ed to tempt people to an undue social expense.

Ottawa possesses probably half a hundred millionaires—a contemporary ventured some time ago on a list of thirty names, and didn't get much more than half of them—and we doubt if half of the fifty keep carriages. No wealthy people in this world could be less given than those of this city to displaying or considering themselves of any better clay than their neighbors. A similar feeling extends through most of the community. And the reason is, as we have said, that the composition of the community includes a particularly large wealthy class—that between the poor man and the rich man here, the connecting bridge of moderately well-to-do business and professional men is swelled by the presence of a large additional class of moderately well-to-do people, namely the civil service—nearly 4,000 strong in Ottawa—so that no distinct line of demarcation in society exists, and the feeling is general that we all belong more or less to the same crowd. And it is not so to the same degree in any other city that the "Journal" knows or has heard of.

### RECORDS OF SPEED.

The importance of Boston Common to the citizens of that city is well illustrated by the closing paragraph of M. A. de Wolf Howe's book on that historic spot. "In 1631 every household of the town was taxed six shillings and upward to raise thirty pounds (one hundred and fifty dollars) for the purchase of Boston Common. In 1908 one citizen left five million dollars, out of the income of which it is to be maintained." Among the pleasant employments made by many Bostonians of the Commons during the nineteenth century, Mr. Howe records the following: "Many made a practise of walking round the outside of it every morning before breakfast. Daniel Webster is remembered as one of these, and Edward Everett, with his son William fitting his boyish stride to the paternal measure. Rufus Choate in this morning promenade is said to have studied his German."

The walks of the Commons have, indeed, been indefinitely useful. In one of them Emerson urged upon Whitman the omission of portions of his "Leaves of Grass," and Whitman, knowing that he could never hear the argument better presented, went his way unmoved. In another, the Long Path, the schoolmistress and the "Autocrat" began their walking of the long path of life together, and were greeted by the old gentleman who said, very charmingly, "Good morning, my dear!" As early as 1821 a "Surveyor and Topographer," John G. Hales, printed in his "Survey of Boston and its Vicinity" a "Table showing the rate per hour a person is moving by the time taken to pass the long Mall from the fence on Park street to the fence on Boylston street."

The first of twenty entries shows that a speed of one mile an hour is attained by taking nineteen minutes, eight and eighty-six hundredths seconds for "passing through the Mall." This snail's pace is gradually quickened till ten miles an hour is scored by covering the distance in one minute, eighty-five seconds. To see a good Bostonian, with Hales' little book and an open watch in his hands, making his ten miles an hour down the Tremont Street Mall would have been quite as exciting as the later spectacle of coasting.

### A VIOLIN

Dark night and storm and passionate breakers' din,  
The sea-birds' note, the vastness of the tide  
And softest winds that through the forest sigh  
Are all this fibre strangely woven in  
The organ tones of surges and sea begin  
Within this mystic temple, sanctified  
By all the vanished years that ere they died,  
Had hid their sweetness in a violin.

Some day the buried music shall be found  
When master hands awake the sleeping voice  
To some great song that in crescendo rings,  
And thus, as silence changed to rapturous sound,  
My wakened heart must evermore rejoice

Because thy fingers touched the hidden strings.  
—From "Sonnets to a Lover," by Myrtle Reed.

## DR. COOK IN VAUDEVILLE

An Interesting Account of First Appearance of the Alleged Discoverer of the North Pole

Dr. Cook, of North Pole fame, has gone into vaudeville. This is how the New York Evening Post described his first appearance:

After Cuff and Duff had cuffed and duffed, after the usual Parisian madrigals had skipped their eight ropes and stood on their eight blonde wigs, after the musical artist had played the piano with his fee, then came Explorer, the Pole Finder, who had found himself in vaudeville. Discoverer, who for a brief period had been the pet of kings, the darling of admen, the recipient of cities' symbolic keys, tried to share the honors of an afternoon with the back and wing team, and as a source of entertainment, he suffered dreadfully by comparison with the black-face dancers.

It was as dreary as the saddest of the "mother songs" by which a variety show is sometimes transformed into a "sacred concert" for Sunday performances. It was almost as depressing as the thought that the big audience which filled the orchestra, the three balconies, and all the boxes would have heard the best of music in place of the madcaps and Explorer, if it had been in that same house a year or so ago, instead of yesterday. Perhaps some of the crowd thought of that, too, for a few went out before Explorer had hardly got under way on his turn, some feared, and some hissed. Here and there there was a spasmodic effort to applaud, but only once was there any general or emphatic demonstration of approval. That came when Explorer declared that the manager of the house was not paying him a cent for his appearance. The applause apparently was for the shrewdness of the manager.

The house was darkened for the motion pictures prelude to Explorer's act, and there was soft music of the sort supposed to help an audience to be sympathetic and to believe most anything, but it was not soft enough. In a way, Explorer was as funny as Cuff and Duff, and quicker than any lightning change personator as to his claims on the Pole. For yesterday he discovered it just as surely as in 1909, and made no reference to the fact that in 1910 he admitted that he wasn't sure. But this is 1911. Denmark papers please copy.

### At the Dogs

He said also that when he came back from the ice he expected to deal with fair-minded gentlemen, but had found only dogs in the Arctic Trust, dogs in the mutual admiration society at Washington, dogs in the chairs of the scientific professors. If this were a dramatic criticism admitting of learned comparisons it might be said that in his whining and snarling from the stage at all those dogs, Explorer suggested Cat in Blue Bird, except that he was sleek and fat.

But as this is merely a scientific article it can set forth only that Explorer, like all conventional Arctic travellers, tried to eat up the dogs as he dragged painfully along toward the polar region of his audience's frigidity. "Aie 'em alive," as they say in Coney Island vaudeville, where Explorer may do a turn some time. When the first picture was flashed on the screen the lecturer, now Explorer himself, but his herald, explained that it showed the Arctic Trust in session. It was also very much in motion. Three or four scientific-looking gentlemen with white side-whiskers and in frock coats, like that of their hands about the polar section of a geographical globe, of the size and kind that a starch company used to give away years ago to every purchaser of a five-pound box. Then they made fierce scientific gestures at each other.

The scene is evidently laid in a hotel apartment for a much-buttoned bell-boy flickers in the picture with a telegram. Change of picture—scientific gentlemen vanish and facsimile of telegram is thrown on screen. It is signed "Spotted," and addressed to "President Ridgeman of the Arctic Trust." It warns the trust that Explorer is about to go to the Pole, and tells the recipients that they must act at once.

Next picture—scientific gentlemen all back on screen beating tables with fists, scowling, taking notes at rapidly snapping telegrams, writing denunciations, stamping feet on thick carpet of luxurious hotel room.

The conspiracy against Explorer is apparently widespread, for when the house is lighted up for a second before the next picture, the papier mache Esquimaux dogs in the Arctic scenery of stage-setting seem to be winking at each other.

### Every Iceberg a Camera.

Next picture, way up North, Explorer walks out of hut as matter-of-factly as if every iceberg was a camera, and goes right up to Pole with three Esquimaux; walking very good, much snootier than Broadway, so discoverers make good time.

Picture-machine man gives another turn, and lecturer impressively remarks that Pole has been reached at 82° north latitude and no longitude. (First jer from a scientist in top gallery.)

Esquimaux wave American flag and dance just like girls dressed as sailors in a chorus. Explorer, much harder than natives—they are swathed in furs and skins, but he doesn't even have gloves on—picks up Pole with bare hands, so to speak—Explorer's fingers not even numbed at Pole in eighty-seven north latitude, for he writes freely and adjusts scientific instruments with great nicety to see that Pole is not an inch out of plumb, this way or that way. Doesn't even blow on fingers, but Esquimaux keep swinging arms and make motion, smile when party turns in general direction of Copenhagen and New York City Hall.

Scene changes to cabin of the ship "Rosevelt." Commander of ship referred to by the lecturer as "Mr. Perry," a cunning artifice, no doubt, to avoid being too personal, for as one picture is flashed on after another Mr. Perry keeps scowling and stamping feet in rage and moving lips so as to suggest words that would cause hands to rail show if motion pictures could talk.

Lecturer intimates that Mr. Perry is a liar and a horse thief and to prove it has cold and hungry man fall down on ice, calling to the "Rosevelt" for succor. He has documents all about the thing that happened and made the Esquimaux so joyous up there in 87 north, no longitude. Mr. Perry tells him that he must give up documents or stay where he is and perish. Mr. Perry angrily stamps on an iceberg and everybody in the audience knows that he means just what he says. So what is the poor, cold, and hungry man to do? He yields.

Proofs of Explorer's discovery keep coming in now with every new picture, and Mr. Perry gets madder and madder.

Back now to the Arctic Trust in their comfortable room in New York (somebody has stolen the globe). Scientific gentlemen receive despatches telling of Explorer's achievement, and their words, without sounds, are hardly fit to see. But most of the children in audience are asleep. So is the orchestra. Even the shrewd manager, who isn't paying a cent, looks worried and paces back and forth at the back of the house, as if he wished it was time for the next act.

But it isn't. There is much to be done. The scientific gentlemen tear up newspapers containing accounts of Explorer's trip north, jump on fragments of newspapers, choose one of their number to be a briber.

Now for a quick jump to Pacific Coast, where Briber is slipping roll of bills to young man. Young man signs something that Explorer never climbed something or other. So, at the end of the picture part the score is in favor of Arctic Trust. But Explorer comes on then and says he is going to throw off the mantle of diplomacy, and assures audience that he is a gentleman. He tells Julius Caesar, he sometimes referred to himself in the third person and sometimes he said "Me" and "I".

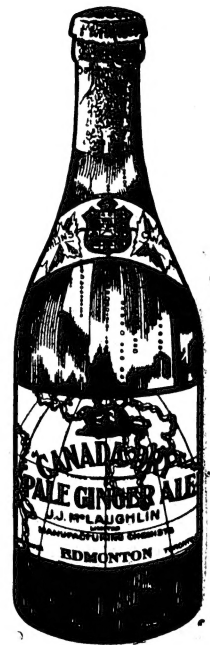
The next act, according to the programme, was a screening farce.

To render your neighbor a service willingly shows the generosity of your character; to preserve silence over it, the grandeur of your soul.—Lysieux.

The test of whether you are educated is, can you do what you ought, when you ought, whether you want to do it or not.—Herbert Spencer.

Carleton's is never excusable.—Dr. W. B. Shub.

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Read the 'News'

## Home and Society

If one had not written "Lent" with great capital letters figuratively before one's eyes on Wednesday last, from all outward and visible signs—except in degree—it would be hard to realize that we have entered on a season of fasting and penance. To be sure teas are not so large, or bridge parties on such a large scale, but they are "parties" for all that claim as much time, and are, if anything, more eagerly looked forward to, and enjoyable.

"Come and have a cup of tea," a friend telephoned, or "Come and join a table of bridge." It isn't a "party"—a strange and fascinating word—and you arrive to find the old crowd gathered about a grate fire—few missing; or the one table of bridge become at least three in the interim.

Committee meetings seem, if anything, multiplied, and there are numbers of big projects on foot set down for the first week or so after Easter.

One of these is the Art Loan, to be given under the auspices of the new Canadian Handicrafts Guild, this to take place the first week in April. I have forgotten—but imagine it was about two years ago—a similar affair was held in Mrs. Richard Secord's beautiful home shortly after it was opened, when the Loan proved a magnificent success, countless beautiful and interesting objects being unearthed and placed on view, proving that even in this far West, family treasures are as tenderly cherished, and the love of beautiful things finds as responsive an answer as in other older parts of the world.

Those who will assist the enterprise by lending any objects of interest are requested to send a list of the things, with, wherever possible, any facts bearing on their history, as soon as they can, to Mrs. Pardee, so that the Art Loan Catalogue may be printed at as early a date as possible.

I believe that Madame Cauchon, who had charge of a similar affair in Winnipeg has kindly consented to again act in this responsible capacity here.

It is proposed to have it take place in the Armory, and all the objects d'art will be insured—a very wise precaution, as people will be much more disposed to loan their pet things under the circumstances.

"Alice in Wonderland" is another production on the tapis, in which the children will be the chief participants. Again, my memory fails me as to what particular object the attraction is to benefit, though I imagine the hospital has an interest in it.

"The ball" I referred to last week, to occur in Horse Show week in Calgary, is not to be given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Premier of Alberta, but under their, as well as the mayors of various cities, patronage. Doubtless so smart an event will attract a very large gathering of the notables of the Province.

There will be a committee meeting of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild in the Y.W.C.A. parlors this Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

The engagement is announced of Mademoiselle Yvonne Cauchon, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Cauchon and Madame Cauchon, formerly of Winnipeg, and granddaughter of the late Honorable Joseph Cauchon, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, to Mr. Albert E. Nash, of Edmonton, third son of Mr. Robert Nash, of Woodthatch, Swansea, England.

The many friends of Mrs. Freddie Lowe of Calgary, who was reported almost critically ill a week ago, will be delighted to learn that she is now well on the high road to recovery.

Mrs. Norman Sears about whom a great many anxious enquiries were made early in the week, is also reported as having made a perfect convalescence.

On Wednesday a deluge of callers descended on Mrs. Ambrose Dickins, a little bird whippers over a hundred, making her rooms look like the scene of a big invitation tea-party, rather than just an ordinary reception where the guests merely dropped in to leave their tickets.

With Mrs. Dickins receiving were Miss Winnifred MacDonald of Winnipeg, and Miss Leslie of Regina, Mrs. Dickins wearing a very smart black and white toilette, Miss MacDonald a charming costume of old rose, beautifully simple and girlish, and Miss Leslie, a modish waist of some fetching shade of blue, with a trim tailored skirt.

Mrs. Hyndman, Sr., poured tea at the daintily set tea-table, a big pot of real Irish shamrocks lending their ten-

der green and yellow tones to the decorations.

Mrs. Harold Brunton had a few friends in to drink tea in her cosy apartments at theington on Thursday afternoon, Miss Leslie of Regina being the raison d'être of the jolly little gathering.

Mrs. Jas. Higgart returned on Wednesday evening from a visit to her home in Toronto, Dr. Higgart going down to Calgary to meet her.

Mrs. Sifton is home from her visit to Calgary, and is looking very bright and well. Calgary and the Premier's wife are old friends, and hostesses vied with each other in giving her a jolly visit.

Mrs. Bulyea will receive at Government House, next Thursday afternoon. The plans for raising funds for the Queen Mary Coronation gift, under the direction of the Minister of Government House, are already being gotten into working order, committees having been formed to carry out a scheme, mainly through the co-operation of the press and the 1,000 schools of the province, to raise a fitting sum for Alberta's share of the presentation. Mrs. Bulyea will be pleased to receive any sum direct, or they may be sent to the Regent of any of the local chapters of the Daughters of the Empire.

Mrs. Scobie is having a tiny tea this Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Leslie of Regina. The end of the curling season is fast drawing to a close. On Tuesday there was an exciting match, the Ladies versus the Men, with a tea at the close; Mrs. Bulyea being among the large number who dropped in to hear the result, and enjoy a half-hour in the club tea-room. At its close, amid enthusiastic cheering, Mrs. Griesbach was declared by Mr. T. M. Turnbull, the winner of the season's point competition prize, a fine pair of "stanes," donated by the president of the Ladies' Curling Club, Mrs. Percy Barnes. On this Friday there will be another match and tea, and on Monday probably, the Ladies will play off for the Brackman-Ker Trophy, which the Girls have very generously resigned in their favor. This will probably mean that the Granites and Strathconas will play off the winning ladies' rink for the trophy, and there should be some good sport.

To-night (Thursday) "The Kissing Girl" starts a three nights' engagement and matinee at the Empire theatre. From the press notices all along the line, it promises to be a star attraction. An Edmonton rather runs to a good bright opera, doubtless there will be a crowded house at every performance.

Mrs. Herbert Dawson will not receive this month, nor again until the fall. Mona and Madame Dubuc arrived in Edmonton from their honeymoon on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick has had several small but most enjoyable entertainments this week in honor of her guests, Miss Leslie of Regina, sister-in-law of the Hon. Mr. Calder. I understand Miss Leslie will remain in town until Tuesday next.

Dr. W. F. Corbett, of Ottawa, announces the engagement of his youngest sister, Miss Robina Corbett, to Mr. Murray H. M. Lister, of the Montreal bank, Edmonton, formerly of Ottawa, and son of Mrs. F. A. Wainwright Lister, of Ottawa. The marriage will take place at Smith's Falls after Easter.

The Alberta Women's Association will hold its regular monthly meeting on Saturday, the 11th instant, at three o'clock in the Collegiate Institute, Strathcona. After the business meeting the Hon. Dr. McQueen will speak on "Early Educational Conditions in Alberta."

I have received the following for insertion: "There exists in our city at the present time five primary chapters of the Daughters of the Empire, a sufficient number for the organization of a Municipal Chapter of this Order. A meeting was called in February to discuss its formation, at which it was decided to do so as it would prevent a great deal of unnecessary correspondence

and overlapping of work. This chapter, which is a just representation of the several chapters will act as an intermediary between the Imperial, national or provincial chapters and the primary chapters. Nominations were held in February, and the elections which took place in March resulted in the following list:

Vice-president, Mrs. J. D. Hyndman. 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Calderon. Secretary, Mrs. R. H. Knight. Treasurer, Mrs. Beck. Standard-bearer, Mrs. Stewart. Councillors, Mrs. Bouchier, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Cautley, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Perria, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. West, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Revell.

### THE QUEEN'S FLEET.

Take for thy throne, my queen, this niche my hand

Hath carved for thee Here in the grey breast of this dune of sand

That fronts the sea. In sovereign's state aloof, the solitude

Hedging thee about, as once thy maidenhood,

Make me no partner of thy thought or speech

This hour when day and darkness meet,

But count me merely jargon of the beach,

Here at thy feet.

It is mute beauty's hour. No late bird sings;

Voiceless, serene, The sea dreams; silence holds all lovely things—

And thou art queen! For Silence in the twilight's gold and red,

Behind thee sets a crown upon thy head,

Send forth, O Queen, thy fleets upon the main,

Send forth thy daring fleets of thought,

And let me wait to hail them home again

With riches fraught.

By fancy captured, send thy fleets afar

To win the sea; Send them to know what spoils in ocean are,

What mystery. What beauty in all things that "suffered change"

In coral caves to "something rich and strange"

Then bring them home, and I will kingly might

Will take their treasure, as it lies Safe harbored in the starlit purple night

Of thy dear eyes.

—T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard.

### LONGEVITY OF BIRDS.

An instance was recorded in a German paper recently of the shooting of a crow with a ring on its leg bearing a date of over a hundred years ago. In the same week a resident of one of the English counties wrote to the ornithological press putting on record the coming of age of his skylark. The letter brought to light the fact that if twenty-one years is not exactly a common age for a lark it is by no means unique. An American writer says he has owned canaries that exceeded the twenty-one years of the skylark, and one bird he possessed reached the age of sixteen years. "Exhibition or 'fancy' breed birds, on the other hand, are comparatively short lived.

### WHICH WAS THE LUNATIC

A lunatic who was named Legrand, was giving some trouble in a country place in France recently. "Let him be shut up in an asylum," ordered the Mayor. The Garde Champêtre was designated to take him, with the help of a local baker, to the asylum a few miles away. On the road the lunatic showed some repugnance to going to the institution. The Garde consulted with the baker and they decided to humor him by offering him drinks, in which they joined. But before they left and he had they had bibbed so much themselves that all three reached the asylum in a state of intoxication. "Which of the three is it?" wired the director to the Mayor. "Le grand," which thus indicated the tall one. As the Garde Champêtre was taller than the other two he was detained, and the lunatic and the baker returned to the village, when the lunatic, who had been the first to get sober, told on the other two.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—Emerson.

Liberty increases the value of riches.—Vauvenargues.

## GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

(By Dr. Andrew Macphail)

There are two perils in democracy. The one is a peril to the people. The other is a peril to democracy itself. In English-speaking communities recent generations have been born free. They have not been obliged, like their fathers, to achieve their liberty at a high price. Now that they accept that great gift as if it were automatic, and as such a matter of course as electric light, a water supply, or travelling by railway. Liberty must be assiduously guarded, else it will be flung away, and private interest substituted for the public good.

Democracy is beginning to distrust itself, and where it is seen closest it is most disliked. Its failure in municipal government is obvious; and if it fails in so small a matter, how it may well be asked, can it succeed in national affairs which are of vast extent and great complexity?

The failure of democracy to supply a government of cities which might be tolerable to civilized men became notorious in the United States, the home of democracy, as long ago as forty years, when a lazy, unskilful chairmaker named Tweed looted the capital of the New World. This vulgar rogue with two associates employed democracy to strangle itself. They had New York at their feet and before the orgy was over it had cost the people \$160,000,000. The consolidated debt increased by more than \$100,000,000, and the annual expenditure was doubled.

### No City Has Escaped

In Philadelphia the Gas Ring repeated the performance, though with a little less effrontery. Civic expenses increased at the rate of three million dollars a year, and yet the citizens were compelled for ten years to endure inefficiency and waste, filthy streets, offensive water, and brutal, slovenly management of all public affairs.

Not one city in the United States has escaped this public plunder and private blackmail. "Toll was levied on criminals; money was extorted from innocent traders as the price of immunity from molestation; and lawful corporations, such as steamships and railway companies, insurance societies and banks were subjected to blackmail as the price of protection. The police force became an engine of oppression, and judges sold justice as grossly as their wares.

This failure of democracy in the smallest states to which it could set its hand, namely, municipal government, has become sufficiently, though less glaringly, obvious in Canada. In Montreal civic management broke down hopelessly. In St. John during the first hours of this present year of the present century a mob of four hundred men defied the police, and "Toll was levied on the streets committing crimes which rendered the perpetrators liable to imprisonment for the term of their natural lives. A phenomenon so widespread can not then be due to local causes. It is one of the first fruits of democracy.

### Is Now Their Refuge

This instrument of government has been tried by the people and it has broken in their hands. Right and left they are casting away the remnants and they are seeking a better way. Government by commission is now their refuge. Unable to govern themselves, they now bring men to govern them, and appointing commissioners, men who in the Greek cities were called tyrants.

This form of government is sometimes known as the Galveston plan and it was adopted originally as a council of despair. Its adoption in Galveston, from which it derives its name, was due to a series of disasters covering a great many years. In 1863 the city was ruined by an attack from the Federal gunboats; in 1867, a large portion of the population fell victims to yellow fever; in 1883, 400 acres of the city were devastated by fire, and in 1900 a storm and tidal wave destroyed the lives of 6,000 inhabitants. To meet such conditions any application of the principles of democracy was felt to be hopeless. The first hint of the new remedy came from Memphis where a receiver had been appointed by the Federal courts in the interests of persons owning bonds of the city, to take charge of the affairs of that city.

According to the original plan two commissioners were appointed by the governor, and two others with a mayor, were elected by the city. It is

worthy of note that the first mayor is described as "a lawyer of very high standing"; and that the second mayor, Mr. Landes, was a man "of very high character, a millionaire who devotes all of his time to the performance of the duties of his office." In the character of the men, rather than in the character of the system, the success of any government lies.

The next city to adopt this plan was Houston, where the power is even more centralized, and practically everything which is done must receive the approval of the mayor, who is described as "a gentleman of vast wealth and a very energetic, capable and efficient officer." Next in order came Dallas, the mayor of which is characterized in a report made to the Senate of Illinois, April 15, 1906, as "a splendid gentleman," whatever that term may signify in the minds of the framers of the report.

### Spread of Movement

The cities of Fort Worth, Waco and one or two others in Texas, were quick to adopt this new system, and the committee from Illinois report that there was, at the time of their visit, a strong movement to abolish the legislature of Texas and substitute therefor a commission of five to govern the whole state. From this small beginning the movement spread and has extended over the United States into Canada.

A modification of the Galveston system is known as the "Des Moines Plan of City Government," which became operative in Des Moines, April 1, 1908, under an act of the Iowa legislature approved March 29, 1907. This act provides that any city of the state having a population of 25,000 or over, may become organized upon the commission plan if 25 per cent. of the voters present a petition to that effect. The essential of the system is the complete divorce of civic management from "politics" which all democratic communities have come to fear so much.

The peril to the people has passed. The new system works well. The peril to democracy lies in the fact it does work well. Democracy has stretched out its neck, and it is now only waiting for some tyrant to set his heel upon it more ruthlessly than ever before. The reason why the new system works well is because the newly elected commissioners are good men. When bad men gain control of the electoral machinery, as they did before, and will do again, in the absence of unceasing vigilance on the part of the people, the last state of democracy will be worse than the first. The sovereign remedy for all the evils in democracy is more democracy, in which good men will take part, and not abandon it, as they have done in the past, to men whose sole guide of conduct is self interest.

### A \$30,000,000 DICKER.

Every Western Canadian knows of George Lane, "The Boss of the Bar U" and brother of Bercherson, but not everyone has heard how he bested the English Allans to the tune of thirty thousand dollars, and became the owner, instead of the Allans' manager. Norman Rankin tells in March Canada Monthly (formerly Canada West) the story of the dicker.

In '92, George Lane—now thoroughly grown up—with his partner, Gordon Irons, went down to Montreal to negotiate with the Allans Allans asked \$250,000. Lane offered \$200,000. The Allans invited George to dine at the St. James' Club, and George went. They dined in evening clothes and at 8.30. They had "several" drinks, and then some more drinks. Then the waiter brought in cigars, and Lane felt it was time to talk business.

They feigned and feigned and bluffed for a good half hour, but eventually the Allans, upon repeated offers from their guest, looked at one another, laughed, and said, "All right, \$50,000 you can have it at that, but \$50,000 down, and the balance upon signing the deeds. You can have it at that, George."

They sat back in their chairs and noticed the waiter to fill up the glasses; they smiled, and nodded at one another good-humoredly; they didn't think Lane had the money. But they reckoned without their guest; they forgot the manner of man he was. Then and there, he "just dug down into his jeans" and came up with \$50,000.

"It has all been my rule in life," said Mr. Lane afterwards, "to be pre-



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pared for an emergency, and so I went into this interval with my rope unslung case some steer w'd stand-pole. I was prepared to do business. I suggested so much down and the balance upon signing the deeds, I know'd it w'd take two weeks to get the deeds ready, and in that time with the ranch as my hitchin' post, I can't easily raise the money. Yew can't bluff a cowboy—men trained to dominate all living things around 'em."

How shall one answer a wrong but by doing good.—Merriam.

It is more disgraceful to distrust than to be deceived.—Rochefoucauld.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right thing, but enjoy the right thing.—Ruskin.